POEMS · OF · PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

NEW ENGLAND

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POEMS OF PLACES

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

AMERICA.

NEW ENGLAND.

VOL. II.

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NEW ENGLAND.

PART II.

NEW ENGLAND.

Katahdin, the Mountain, Me.

TO A PINE-TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the slumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
Preying thence on the continent under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,

On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

James Russell Lowell.

Kearsarge, the Mountain, N. H.

MOUNT KEARSARGE.

KEARSARGE, the mountain which gave its name to the ship that sank the Alabama, is a noble granite peak in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, rising alone, more than two thousand feet above the sea.

OH, lift thy head, thou mountain lone,
And mate thee with the sun!
Thy rosy clouds are valeward blown,
Thy stars that near at midnight shone
Gone heavenward one by one,
And half of earth, and half of air,
Thou risest vast, and gray, and bare,

And crowned with glory. Far southwest
Monadnock sinks to see,—
For all its trees and towering crest,
And clear Contoocook from its breast
Poured down for wood and lea,—
How statelier still, through frost and dew,
Thy granite cleaves the distant blue.

And high to north, from fainter sky,
Franconia's cliffs look down;

Home to their crags the eagles fly,
Deep in their caves the echoes die,
The sparkling waters frown,
And the Great Face that guards the glen
Pales with the pride of mortal men.

Nay, from their silent, crystal seat
The White Hills scan the plain;
Nor Saco's leaping, lightsome feet,
Nor Ammonoosuc wild to greet
The meadows and the main,
Nor snows nor thunders can atone
For splendor thou hast made thine own.

For thou hast joined the immortal band
Of hills and streams and plains,
Shrined in the songs of native land, —
Linked with the deeds of valor grand
Told when the bright day wanes, —
Part of the nation's life art thou,
O mountain of the granite brow!

Not Pelion when the Argo rose,
Grace of its goodliest trees;
Nor Norway hills when woodman's blows
Their pines sent crashing through the snows
That kings might rove the seas;
Nor heights that gave the Armada's line,
Thrilled with a joy as pure as thine.

Bold was the ship thy name that bore;
Strength of the hills was hers;

Heart of the oaks thy pastures store,
The pines that hear the north-wind roar,
The dark and tapering firs;
Nor Argonaut nor Viking knew
Sublimer daring than her crew.

And long as Freedom fires the soul
Or mountains pierce the air,
Her fame shall shine on honor's scroll;
Thy brow shall be the pilgrim's goal
Uplifted broad and fair;
And, from thy skies, inspiring gales
O'er future seas shall sweep our sails.

Still summer keep thy pastures green,
And clothe thy oaks and pines;
Brooks laugh thy rifted rocks between;
Snows fall serenely o'er the scene
And veil thy lofty lines;
While crowned and peerless thou dost stand,
The monarch of our mountain-land.

Edna Dean Proctor.

Kennebec, the River, Me.

THE KENNEBEC.

THERE is a hill o'erlooking Norridgewock
Whose summit is a crown of mossy rock,
Whereon the daylight lingers ere it dies,

When the broad valley in the gloaming lies.
Around you are the everlasting hills,
Whose presence all your soul with worship fills.
The distant mountains, purple clad, are grouped
Like monarchs, when the golden sun has stooped
Down toward his journey's ending in the west,
The amaranthine palace of his rest.
Below, the river, like a sheet of glass,
Reflects the glories of the clouds which pass
In slow procession, waiting for the day
To change her regal raiment for the gray —
The gleaming river, winding slowly down
Beneath its shady banks from town to town,
With here a wide stretch, like a lake, revealed
By the low level of a fertile field,
And here but hinted at, or half concealed
Behind the clustering maples of a grove
Where all the day the mocking echoes rove.
You look upon a range of intervales
Where the abundant harvest never fails.
You see the milkmaid drive the loitering line
Of solemn-minded, melancholy kine.
Perhaps a solitary crow flaps by,
With heavy wing and hoarse, defiant cry,
And settles on the summit of the pine,
Waiting in patience till the friendly shade
Shall shield the purport of his nightly raid.
Then, as the sun sinks in a cloud of fire,
The bell, which consecrates the chapel spire,
Rising amid a perfect bower of trees,
Sends forth its evening message on the breeze,

And from the hills which girt the town around
Return the answers of its silver sound;
And o'er the misty river and the meadows
Creep slowly, slowly, the long, sombre shadows.

Anonymous.

Killingworth, Conn.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

IT was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,

The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow:

There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember too
'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the wingéd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;

As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, o'erarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Lexington, Mass.

LEXINGTON.

1775.

NO Berserk thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid:
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plough mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
  They scarcely asked the reason why;
  They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
  All that was theirs to give they gave.
  The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
  And shattered slavery's chain as well;
  On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
  The nations listening to its sound
  Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
  The gladness of the world's release,
  When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!—

The golden age of brotherhood
  Unknown to other rivalries
  Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
  Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
  The eagle of our mountain-crags,
The lion of our Motherland!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Lynn, Mass.

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening-wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,

Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!
And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HIGH ROCK.

OVERLOOKING the town of Lynn,
So far above that the city's din
Mingles and blends with the heavy roar
Of the breakers along the curving shore,
Scarred and furrowed and glacier-seamed,
Back in the ages so long ago,
The boldest philosopher never dreamed
To count the centuries' ebb and flow,
Stands a rock with its gray old face
Eastward, ever turned to the place
Where first the rim of the sun is seen, —
Whenever the morning sky is bright, —
Cleaving the glistening, glancing sheen
Of the sea with disk of insufferable light.
Down in the earth his roots strike deep;
Up to his breast the houses creep,
Climbing e'en to his rugged face,
Or nestling lovingly at his base.

Stand on his forehead, bare and brown,
Send your gaze o'er the roofs of the town,
Away to the line so faint and dim,

Where the sky stoops down to the crystal rim
Of the broad Atlantic whose billows toss,
Wrestling and weltering and hurrying on
With awful fury whenever across
His broad, bright surface with howl and moan,
The Tempest wheels, with black wing bowed
To the yielding waters which fly to the cloud,
Or hurry along with thunderous shocks
To break on the ragged and riven rocks.

When the tide comes in on a sunny day,
You can see the waves beat back in spray
From the splintered spurs of Phillips Head,
Or tripping along with dainty tread,
As of a million glancing feet
Shake out the light in a quick retreat,
Or along the smooth curve of the beach,
Snowy and curling, in long lines reach.

An islet anchored and held to land
By a glistening, foam-fringed ribbon of sand;
That is Nahant, and that hoary ledge
To the left is Egg Rock, like a blunted wedge,
Cleaving the restless ocean's breast,
And bearing the lighthouse on its crest.

All these things and a hundred more,
Hill and meadow and marsh and shore,
Your eye o'erlooks from the gray bluff's brow;
And I sometimes wonder what, if now
The old rock had a voice, 't would say
Of the countless years it has gazed afar

Over the sea as it looks to-day;
Gazed unmoved, though with furrow and scar
The sculptor ages have wrought his face,
While centuries came and went apace,
Just like the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of the restless hurrying tides below.

Elizabeth F. Merrill

Marblehead, Mass.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,

Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.

Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! — why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A PLEA FOR FLOOD IRESON.

In the spring of the year 1808 the schooner Betsy of Marblehead commanded by "Skipper Ireson," passing Cape Cod on her way home from the West Indies, sighted a wreck; but as it was dark and the sea was running high at the time, she was unable to render any assistance. Soon after another vessel rescued the people on the wreck, who reached shore in season for the news to be carried to Marblehead before the Betsy's arrival. The sailors, being called to account by the crowd on the wharf, protested that Ireson would not let them go to the relief of the wrecked vessel. This was the spark needed to fire the train, and the infuriated mob seized Ireson, put him into an old dory, and dragged him toward Salem, intending, it seems, to carry him to Beverly, where they said he belonged, and show him to his own people.

OLD Flood Ireson! all too long
Have jeer and jibe and ribald song
Done thy memory cruel wrong.

Old Flood Ireson, bending low
Under the weight of years and woe,
Crept to his refuge long ago.

Old Flood Ireson sleeps in his grave;
Howls of a mad mob, worse than the wave,
Now no more in his ear shall rave!

* * *

Gone is the pack and gone the prey,
Yet old Flood Ireson's ghost to-day
Is hunted still down Time's highway.

Old wife Fame, with a fish-horn's blare
Hooting and tooting the same old air,
Drags him along the old thoroughfare,

Mocked evermore with the old refrain,
Skilfully wrought to a tuneful strain,
Jingling and jolting he comes again

Over that road of old renown,
Fair broad avenue, leading down
Through South Fields to Salem town,

Scourged and stung by the Muses' thong,
Mounted high on the car of song,
Sight that cries, O Lord! how long

Shall heaven look on and not take part
With the poor old man and his fluttering heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart?

Old Flood Ireson, now when Fame
Wipes away with tears of shame
Stains from many an injured name,

Shall not, in the tuneful line,
Beams of truth and mercy shine
Through the clouds that darken thine?

Take henceforth, perturbéd sprite,
From the fever and the fright,
Take the rest,—thy well-earned right.

Along the track of that hard ride
The form of Penitence oft shall glide,
With tender Pity by her side;

And their tears, that mingling fall
On the dark record they recall,
Shall cleanse the stain and expiate all.

Charles Timothy Brooks.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop "Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green; —
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied!

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock
and wood and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his
hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what
was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round
him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on
before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be
no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn
aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far
and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the
tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and
man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and
bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's
prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves
and the blast,

On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind:
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find!"

* * *

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

THE curvéd strand
Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
And sip, and chat
Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

The runlets gay,
That haste away
To meet each snowy-bosomed crest,
Enrich the shore
With fleeting store
Of art-defying arabesque.

Each higher wave
Doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
Straightway they grow
A beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach,
Far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
The drift-wood's heap
Doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago.

Nor storms alone:
I hear the moan
Of voices choked by dashing brine,
When sunken rock
Or tempest shock
Crushed the good vessel's oaken spine.

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea,
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep,
As 't were asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,

Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O peace and rest!
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean,
No break, no bar
Of sun or star:
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh, when some day
In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

John White Chadwick.

CAPTAIN MORROW'S THANKSGIVING.

OVER the waves the Petrel sped,
(Captain Morrow of Marblehead,)
And one fine day the sailors said,
"Thanksgiving, sir, to-morrow."

"Well, lads, we owe the Lord our lives,
Our happy homes and loving wives,
And we 'll win home, if each one strives,
And tell him so, to-morrow."

Then all the day was sound of song,
Work with laughter went along,

Every heart held promise strong
Of Thanksgiving on the morrow.

The daylight faded into night,
The trig ship was a pleasant sight;
On the horizon burst a light:
"What's that?" said Captain Morrow.

A moment's space of silence dire,
And then the cry, "A ship on fire!"
"Set sails, my lads, we must go nigher
Though we should lose to-morrow!"

He scarce had spoke when, sound of fear,
The minute-gun smote every ear;
Then broke the men into a cheer,
"Good boys!" said Captain Morrow.

They turned the Petrel round about;
They backward turned with prayer and shout;
That pleading gun had driven out
All thoughts of their to-morrow.

And forty souls, with weary pain,
The Petrel brought to life again,
From out of whelming wave and flame.
"Thank God!" said Captain Morrow.

"Good comrades, we have made no slip
Between the promised cup and lip;
We'll hold 'Thanksgiving' in the ship,
And then again to-morrow."

Be sure the Petrel's half-fed throng
Kept good Thanksgiving all day long,
In grateful prayer and happy song,
Well led by Captain Morrow.

Lillie E. Barr.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead,

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,

Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Marshfield, Mass.

WEBSTER.

A CLOUD is over Marshfield, and the wail
Of a vast empire floats upon the gale;
One without peer has shaken hands with death,
And yielded to the elements his breath:
Admonished that the last great change was nigh,
Majestic in decline, he came to die
Back to the rural scenes he loved so well,
Cheered by the low of kine, and pastoral bell, —
Back, where his ear once more might catch the roll
Of the roused Ocean, — symbol of his soul!

The agony is o'er, — the goal is won, —
Earth opens to receive her greatest son!
The world seems poorer now, the sky less fair,
And reigns a brooding sadness everywhere!
Mourn, stern New England! mother of the dead!
Bow to the dust thy richly laurelled head!
He was thy pride, the prop of thy renown,
The brightest jewel in thy dazzling crown;

Thy battle-fields of liberty he trod,
Holding thy soil in reverence next to God,
And the proud triumphs of his matchless mind
Are closely with thy heart-strings intertwined.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

THE BELLS OF EDGARTOWN.

BUT one day more, and, O happy bells!
Your peals shall ring in old Edgartown,
With music that rises and falls and swells,
Over the village and past the down,
Music that tells of two lives made one,
Past Katama and Roaring-Brook,
Out by Gay Head, where, at set of sun,
The lighthouse gleams over hill and nook.

And now for one last sail on the sea,
Another morn they will take their way
To his city home: they must say good by
In a pleasant sail from the peaceful bay:
They near the boat and they spread the sail,
And merrily laugh in their careless glee,
Though the wind is blowing half a gale,
For an old, old friend is the bounding sea.

Beyond the point where no shelter lies,
The wild waves break in a blinding spray,

And the dark squall gathers in angry skies,
And roars and whistles across their way:
Down with your helm! let go the sheet!
Too late! too late! for the boat goes o'er,
And lies on the water a wreck complete,
And miles away is the nearest shore.

E. Norman Gunnison.

Mattapoisett, Mass.

A SEA-SIDE IDYL.

I WANDERED to the shore, nor knew I then
What my desire, — whether for wild lament,
Or sweet regret, to fill the idle pause
Of twilight, melancholy in my house,
And watch the flowing tide, the passing sails;
Or to implore the air and sea and sky
For that eternal passion in their power
Which souls like mine who ponder on their fate
May feel, and be as they, — gods to themselves.
Thither I went, whatever was my mood.
The sands, the rocks, the beds of sedge, and waves.
Impelled to leave soft foam, compelled away, —
I saw alone. Between the east and west,
Along the beach no creature moved besides.
High on the eastern point a lighthouse shone;
Steered by its lamp a ship stood out to sea,
And vanished from its rays towards the deep,

While in the west, above a wooded isle,
An island-cloud hung in the emerald sky,
Hiding pale Venus in its sombre shade.
I wandered up and down the sands, I loitered
Among the rocks, and trampled through the sedge;
But I grew weary of the stocks and stones.
"I will go hence," I thought; "the Elements
Have lost their charm; my soul is dead to-night.
O passive, creeping Sea, and stagnant Air,
Farewell! dull sands, and rocks, and sedge, farewell."

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THE HOUSE OF YOUTH.

THE rough north-winds have left their icy caves
To growl and group for prey
Upon the murky sea;
The lonely sea-gull skims the sullen waves
All the gray winter day.

The mottled sand-bird runneth up and down,
Amongst the creaking sedge,
Along the crusted beach;
The time-stained houses of the sea-walled town
Are tottering on its edge.

An ancient dwelling, in this ancient place,
Stands in a garden drear,
A wreck with other wrecks;
The past is there, but no one sees a face
Within, from year to year.

The wiry rose-trees scratch the window-pane,
The window rattles loud;
The wind beats at the door,
But never gets an answer back again,
The silence is so proud.

The last that lived there was an evil man;
A child the last that died
Upon the mother's breast.
It seemed to die by some mysterious ban;
Its grave is by the side

Of an old tree, whose notched and scanty leaves
Repeat the tale of woe,
And quiver day and night,
Till the snow cometh, and a cold shroud weaves,
Whiter than that below.

This time of year a woman wanders there—
They say from distant lands:
She wears a foreign dress,
With jewels on her breast, and her fair hair
In braided coils and bands.

The ancient dwelling and the garden drear
At night know something more:
Without her foreign dress
Or blazing gems, this woman stealeth near
The threshold of the door.

The shadow strikes against the window-pane;
She thrusts the thorns away:

Her eyes peer through the glass,
And down the glass her great tears drip, like rain,
In the gray winter day.

The moon shines down the dismal garden track,
And lights the little mound;
But when she ventures there,
The black and threatening branches wave her back,
And guard the ghastly ground.

What is the story of this buried past?
Were all its doors flung wide,
For us to search its rooms,
And we to see the race, from first to last,
And how they lived and died: —

Still would it baffle and perplex the brain,
But teach this bitter truth:
Man lives not in the past:
None but a woman ever comes again
Back to the house of Youth!

* * *

Elizabeth Stoddard.

Melvin, the River, N. H.

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny smiles
Dimple round its hundred isles,
And the mountain's granite ledge
Cleaves the water like a wedge,

Ringed about with smooth, gray stones,
Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream;
Melvin water, mountain-born,
All fair flowers its banks adorn;
All the woodland's voices meet,
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,
Over waters island-strown,
Over silver-sanded beach,
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,
Melvin stream and burial-heap,
Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills?
Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills?
Knight who on the birchen tree
Carved his savage heraldry?
Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim?

* * *

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake!
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break!
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree!
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee!
Speak, and tell us how and when
Lived and died this king of men!

Wordless moans the ancient pine;
Lake and mountain give no sign;

Vain to trace this ring of stones;
Vain the search of crumbling bones:
Deepest of all mysteries,
And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay
Mingles slowly day by day;
But somewhere, for good or ill,
That dark soul is living still;
Somewhere yet that atom's force
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,
While the soul's dark horoscope
Holds no starry sign of hope!
Is the Unseen with sight at odds?
Nature's pity more than God's?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,
While the summer eventide
Made the woods and inland sea
And the mountains mystery;
And the hush of earth and air
Seemed the pause before a prayer, —

Prayer for him, for all who rest,
Mother Earth, upon thy breast, —
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid
In rock-cave or pyramid:
All who sleep, as all who live,
Well may need the prayer, "Forgive!"

Desert-smothered caravan,
Knee-deep dust that once was man,
Battle-trenches ghastly piled,
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,
Crowded tomb and mounded sod,
Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

Oh the generations old
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies!
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts?
Where the camping-ground of ghosts?
Where the spectral conscripts led
To the white tents of the dead?
What strange shore or chartless sea
Holds the awful mystery?

Then the warm sky stooped to make
Double sunset in the lake;
While above I saw with it,
Range on range, the mountains lit;
And the calm and splendor stole
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,
What to thee the mountain saith,
What is whispered by the trees? —
"Cast on God thy care for these;

Trust him, if thy sight be dim:
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes
Where like night the sunshine lies,
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
Binding ever sin to pain,
Strong their prison-house of will,
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow
Doth the Love Eternal flow;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound!"

Therefore well may Nature keep
Equal faith with all who sleep,
Set her watch of hills around
Christian grave and heathen mound,
And to cairn and kirkyard send
Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam!

On the Indian's grassy tomb
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom!
Deep below, as high above,
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Memphremagog, the Lake, Vt.

A LAY OF MEMPHREMAGOG.

NOT as when, in summer days,
Wove illusive sunset haze
Round the mountain, bald and grim;
Watching at the rocking rim
Of the cradled lake, whose isles
Are the toys at which it smiles, —
And when day, but half awake,
Saw the roe stoop to the lake,
And its silver waters sip,
With his image, lip to lip;
Listening close, with tremulous ear,
To ten thousand warblers clear,
Up the greenwood steep so far;
Which was dew-drop, which was star,
Glimmering near the gates ajar, —
What was bird-voice, what was psalm,
Stealing through the radiant balm,
Out the changeless, God-lit sphere,
Sense said not, nor eye nor ear.

Dash the canvas, — white for green;
Summer's gone, — a winter scene.

Owl's Head wears its coil of snow,
Memphremagog hides below;
Crisp the air, with frost and sleet
Folding, in the mountain dim,
As his wings the seraphim, —
Twain his face and twain his feet.
Mirroring waves no more declare
Passing thought of sky and air.
Moon, or stars, or bird, or cloud,
Nor to winds confess aloud,
Conscience troubled, heart and head;
Ice-incrusted, deep snow-spread,
Nothing stirs a conscience dead.

On the fir-tree's outstretched palms
Lie the bounteous angel alms;
League on league of untrod white,
Save the squirrel's footmarks slight;
And the red fox's deeper trail,
Where he roamed the moonlit vale;
Ay, and slant the frozen wave,
Past the smuggler's island cave;
One great furrow, roughly ploughed,
By a preying wolf-pack loud,
Fierce and lean and devil-browed.
By their lair, 'neath Eagles' Cliff,
Oft the covetous white man's skiff
Chased and lost the birch canoe,

When some rock-gate let it through,
Bearing to the mountain's bed.
Of his tribe the guardian red,
Over a mysterious mine,
Where the silver nuggets shine —
Hidden still; there are who say,
Guards his ghost the place, to-day.

Deep within the solitude
Of the winter-girded wood,
Where no foot of man comes near,
Is a herd of gentle deer.
Six brave stags, with each a mate,
In a city of whose gate
Spring, incoming, holds the key, —
City walled with porphyry.
Busy workers wrought betimes,
Hearing naught of Christmas chimes,
Heeding naught of glad New Year,
Daily, nightly, building here.
Noiseless workers, — trowel's fray,
Chisel's twang, nor mattock's sway
Tempted Echo from her haunt;
Scaffold high, nor ladder gaunt,
Stayed them up, or aided down,
While was reared that forest town.
Silence, save when tone severe,
As of tyrant overseer, —
Was it but the hoarse wind's call?
"Clouds and Cold and Snowflakes, all,
Idlers, haste, — build, build your wall!"

L. S. Goodwin.

Merrimac, the River.

THE MERRIMAC.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There 's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,

And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;[1]
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimac rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
Which channels vast Agiochook,
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven,"[2]
Tributes from vale and mountain-side, —
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory

[1] Captain Smith. [2] Lake Winnipisaukee.

The sweetest name in all his story;[3]
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters, —
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! — the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers! — I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;

[3] Captain Smith gave to the promontory now called Cape Ann the name of Tragabizanda.

Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of his lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before him pass;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew,
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,
Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;
And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown,—
A phantom and a dream alone!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MERRIMAC REVISITED.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wailing
Vex the air of our vales no more;
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,
The share is the sword the soldier wore!

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom;
Softly and sweet, as the hour beseemeth,
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature
Temper the triumph and chasten mirth,
Full of the infinite love and pity
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,
And the oil of joy for mourning long,
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters
Break into jubilant waves of song!

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north-wind laden
With sweetbrier odors and breath of kine!

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnipisaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall;
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses
Pour the music and weave the flowers;
With the song of birds and bloom of meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,
The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,
Mirth and labor shall hold their truce;
Dance of water and mill of grinding,
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and glory,
Pride and hope of our home and race, —

Freedom lending to rugged labor
Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,
Hear our greetings and take our thanks;
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,
Though never his word has stilled thy waves,
Well for us may thy shores be holy,
With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,
Where the rivers of God are full of water,
And full of sap are his healing trees!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OUR RIVER.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE LAURELS" ON THE MERRIMAC.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales of home are flooded;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river:

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west-wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing, —
And bore its memory o'er the deep,
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory;
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it, —
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping;
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
The youth beside it sleeping:

Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing:
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud, — the bugle fills
The summer air with clangor;
The war-storm shakes the solid hills
Beneath its tread of anger;
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing, —
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fall
His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born! — no more
We ask the wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
And make a joy of duty.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Middlesex County, Mass.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still

That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Milton, Mass.

SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP.

ONLY ten miles from the city, —
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day!

All alone on the hill-top!
Nothing but God and me,
And the spring-time's resurrection,
Far shinings of the sea,

The river's laugh in the valley,
Hills dreaming of their past;
And all things silently opening,
Opening into the vast!

Eternities past and future
Seem clinging to all I see,
And things immortal cluster
Around my bended knee.

That pebble — is older than Adam!
Secrets it hath to tell;
These rocks — they cry out history,
Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide;

The sun finds its east and west therein,
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle
Still creeps with the Life Divine,
Where the Holy Spirit loitered
On its way to this face of mine, —

On its way to the shining faces
Where angel-lives are led;
And I am the lichen's circle,
That creeps with tiny tread.

I can hear these violets chorus
To the sky's benediction above;
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I — I am a part of the poem,
Of its every sight and sound,
For my heart beats inward rhymings
To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature!
Oh, the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar forever,
When it cannot be lifted away?

William Channing Gannett.

Minot's Ledge, Mass.

MINOT'S LEDGE.

LIKE spectral hounds across the sky,
The white clouds scud before the storm;
And naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
The waves with slippery fingers clutch
The massive tower, and climb and fall,
And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light:
Silent and awestruck does he hear
The imprecations of the night.
The white spray beats against the panes
Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hunted by a troop of fiends,
And seeks a shelter anywhere.

He prays aloud, the lonely man,
For every soul that night at sea,
But more than all for that brave boy
Who used to gayly climb his knee, —
Young Charlie, with his chestnut hair
And hazel eyes and laughing lip.
"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,
"Upon my son, and on his ship!"

While thus with pious heart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom:
He pauses; and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals to-night!
She cannot hold for one half-hour;
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
And trust in the Almighty Power!

On the drenched gallery he stands,
Striving to pierce the solid night:
Across the sea the red eye throws
A steady crimson wake of light;
And, where it falls upon the waves,
He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh, will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull; it tightens now:
Oh! his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
The breathing body of his boy.

Still sweep the spectres through the sky;
Still scud the clouds before the storm;
Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.

Without, the world is wild with rage;
Unkennelled demons are abroad:
But with the father and the son
Within, there is the peace of God.

Fitz-James O'Brien.

Monadnock, the Mountain, N. H.

MONADNOCK.

THOUSAND minstrels woke within me,
"Our music 's in the hills":—
Gayest pictures rose to win me,
Leopard-colored rills.
"Up! If thou knew'st who calls
To twilight parks of beech and pine,
High over the river intervals,
Above the ploughman's highest line,
Over the owner's farthest walls!
Up! where the airy citadel
O'erlooks the surging landscape's swell!
Let not unto the stones the Day
Her lily and rose, her sea and land display;
Read the celestial sign!
Lo! the south answers to the north;
Bookworm, break this sloth urbane;
A greater spirit bids thee forth
Than the gay dreams which thee detain.
Mark how the climbing Oreads

Beckon thee to their arcades!
Youth, for a moment free as they,
Teach thy feet to feel the ground,
Ere yet arrives the wintry day
When Time thy feet has bound.
Take the bounty of thy birth,
Taste the lordship of the earth."

I heard, and I obeyed, —
Assured that he who made the claim,
Well known, but loving not a name,
Was not to be gainsaid.

Ere yet the summoning voice was still,
I turned to Cheshire's haughty hill.
From the fixed cone the cloud-rack flowed
Like ample banner flung abroad
To all the dwellers in the plains
Round about, a hundred miles,
With salutation to the sea, and to the bordering isles.

In his own loom's garment dressed,
By his proper bounty blessed,
Fast abides this constant giver,
Pouring many a cheerful river;
To far eyes, an aerial isle
Unploughed, which finer spirits pile,
Which morn and crimson evening paint
For bard, for lover, and for saint;
The people's pride, the country's core,
Inspirer, prophet evermore;
Pillar which God aloft had set

So that men might it not forget;
It should be their life's ornament,
And mix itself with each event;
Gauge and calendar and dial,
Weatherglass and chemic phial,
Garden of berries, perch of birds,
Pasture of pool-haunting herds.

* * *

On the summit as I stood,
O'er the floor of plain and flood
Seemed to me, the towering hill
Was not altogether still,
But a quiet sense conveyed;
If I err not, thus it said: —

"Many feet in summer seek,
Oft, my far-appearing peak;
In the dreaded winter-time,
None save dappling shadows climb
Under clouds, my lonely head,
Old as the sun, old almost as the shade.
And comest thou
To see strange forests and new snow,
And tread uplifted land?
And leavest thou thy lowland race,
Here amid clouds to stand?
And wouldst be my companion
Where I gaze, and still shall gaze,
Through hoarding nights and spending days,
When forests fall, and man is gone,
Over tribes and over times,

At the burning Lyre,
Nearing me,
With its stars of northern fire,
In many a thousand years?

* * *

"Monadnock is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among;
But well I know, no mountain can,
Zion or Meru, measure with man.
For it is on zodiacs writ,
Adamant is soft to wit:
And when the greater comes again
With my secret in his brain,
I shall pass, as glides my shadow
Daily over hill and meadow.

"Through all time, in light, in gloom,
Well I hear the approaching feet
On the flinty pathway beat
Of him that cometh, and shall come;
Of him who shall as lightly bear
My daily load of woods and streams,
As doth this round sky-cleaving boat
Which never strains its rocky beams;
Whose timbers, as they silent float,
Alps and Caucasus uprear,
And the long Alleghanies here,
And all town-sprinkled lands that be,
Sailing through stars with all their history.

"Every morn I lift my head,
See New England underspread,

South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.
Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnock like a bead.

* * *

He comes, but not of that race bred
Who daily climb my specular head.
Oft as morning wreathes my scarf,
Fled the last plumule of the Dark,
Pants up hither the spruce clerk
From South Cove and City Wharf.
I take him up my rugged sides,
Half-repentant, scant of breath, —
Bead-eyes my granite chaos show,
And my midsummer snow;
Open the daunting map beneath, —
All his county, sea and land,
Dwarfed to measure of his hand;
His day's ride is a furlong space,
His city-tops a glimmering haze.
I plant his eyes on the sky-hoop bounding;
"See there the grim gray rounding
Of the bullet of the earth
Whereon ye sail,
Tumbling steep
In the uncontinented deep."
He looks on that, and he turns pale.
'T is even so, this treacherous kite,
Farm-furrowed, town-incrusted sphere,

Thoughtless of its anxious freight,
Plunges eyeless on forever;
And he, poor parasite,
Cooped in a ship he cannot steer, —
Who is the captain he knows not,
Port or pilot trows not, —
Risk or ruin he must share.
I scowl on him with my cloud,
With my north-wind chill his blood;
I lame him, clattering down the rocks;
And to live he is in fear.
Then, at last, I let him down
Once more into his dapper town,
To chatter, frightened to his clan,
And forget me if he can."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MONADNOCK.

UPON the far-off mountain's brow
The angry storm has ceased to beat,
And broken clouds are gathering now
In sullen reverence round his feet;
I saw their dark and crowded bands
In thunder on his breast descending;
But there once more redeemed he stands,
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I've seen him when the morning sun
Burned like a bale-fire on the height;

I 've seen him when the day was done,
Bathed in the evening's crimson light.
I 've seen him at the midnight hour,
When all the world were calmly sleeping,
Like some stern sentry in his tower,
His weary watch in silence keeping.

And there, forever firm and clear,
His lofty turret upward springs;
He owns no rival summit near,
No sovereign but the King of kings.
Thousands of nations have passed by,
Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high
He rears, in melancholy glory.

The proudest works of human hands
Live but an age before they fall;
While that severe and hoary tower
Outlasts the mightiest of them all.
And man himself, more frail, by far,
Than even the works his hand is raising,
Sinks downward, like the falling star
That flashes, and expires in blazing.

And all the treasures of the heart,
Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears,
Its hopes and memories, must depart
To sleep with unremembered years.
But still that ancient rampart stands
Unchanged, though years are passing o'er him;

And time withdraws his powerless hands,
While ages melt away before him.

So should it be, — for no heart beats
Within his cold and silent breast;
To him no gentle voice repeats
The soothing words that make us blest.
And more than this, — his deep repose
Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow;
He hath no weary eyes to close,
No cause to hope or fear to-morrow.

Farewell! I go my distant way;
Perchance, in some succeeding years,
The eyes that know no cloud to-day
May gaze upon thee dim with tears.
Then may thy calm, unaltering form
Inspire in me the firm endeavor,
Like thee, to meet each lowering storm,
Till life and sorrow end forever.

William Bourne Oliver Peabody.

Moshassuck, the River, R. I.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING ON THE BANKS OF THE MOSHASSUCK.

AGAIN September's golden day,
Serenely still, intensely bright,
Fades on the umbered hills away,
And melts into the coming night.

Again Moshassuck's silver tide
Reflects each green herb on its side,
Each tasselled wreath and tangling vine
Whose tendrils o'er its margin twine.

And, standing on its velvet shore,
Where yesternight with thee I stood,
I trace its devious course once more,
Far winding on through vale and wood.
Now glimmering through yon golden mist,
By the last glinting sunbeams kissed,
Now lost where lengthening shadows fall
From hazel-copse and moss-fringed wall.

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still,
Still wave the star-flower and the fern
O'er the soft outline of the hill;
While far aloft, where pine-trees throw
Their shade athwart the sunset glow,
Thin vapors cloud the illumined air,
And parting daylight lingers there.

But, ah, no longer thou art near
This varied loveliness to see,
And I, though fondly lingering here,
To-night can only think on thee;—
The flowers thy gentle hand caressed
Still lie unwithered on my breast,
And still thy footsteps print the shore
Where thou and I may rove no more.

Again I hear the murmuring fall
Of water from some distant dell,
The beetle's hum, the cricket's call,
And, far away, that evening bell, —
Again, again those sounds I hear,
But, oh, how desolate and drear
They seem to-night, — how like a knell
The music of that evening bell!

Again the new moon in the west,
Scarce seen upon yon golden sky,
Hangs o'er the mountain's purple crest
With one pale planet trembling nigh, —
And beautiful her pearly light
As when we blessed its beams last night,
But thou art on the far blue sea,
And I can only think of thee.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

Mount Desert, Me.

ECHO NOTCH.

GRIM mountain Sprite! that, robed in woods,
Dost sit among these hills, their rightful king,
Forgive the wight who rashly dares
To vex thy silence with his questioning.

Adown thy steep and rugged flanks
The black fir glooms and the pale aspens quiver,

And o'er thy glistening, wind-swept cliffs
The mossy, perfumed streamlets leap forever.

We call to thee: our feeble cry
Dies 'gainst the rocky faces of thy throne;
And from thy shaggy bosom comes
Thine answer, deep-voicéd as an organ-tone.

In that broad breast no human heart
To human pulses answereth again:
The wandering wretch, in wood-paths lost,
To thy stern face for pity looks in vain.

Within that sphinx-like face we fain
Would read the riddle of life's fleeting story, —
Thy calm eternal would we grasp,
And gild our gloom with thy far-shining glory.

But thou! thou gazest on the sea,
With fir-crowned, stony brow that changes never:
We leave thee, in dumb mystery,
Dread sprite! to heave that hoary bulk forever.

Anonymous.

GREEN MOUNTAIN.

WITH jocund friends the island's mount I climb
To kindred gladness that, beyond the wood
Whose pines are heavy with the solitude,
Sacks all the space of sea and sky sublime.

Rocks, left austere by winter, laugh again
With sweet and happy hearts at summer-tide;

O'er cliff and ledge and wave goes laughter wide,
As o'er the sea noon's pelting silver rain.

A flock of little sails below appears
To forage all along the shining waste;
Now huddled, and now scattering, without haste,
For morning waifs, like sea-birds, each one steers.

Of all the sails that catch the sun, and smile,
There 's one that takes my own mood out to sea:
Its laughing side is hidden on the lee;
Its shadow tacks to windward all the while.

Mid all the gladness, just a faint reserve
Wafts me apart, but not to scowl and gloom;
The world's wide laughter keeps me in its room, —
My shadow is not sharp enough to swerve.

'T is but the thickness of a sail between.
A cloud has caught its buoyant, gilded woof,
Too thin to keep the sailor's heart aloof:
He 's comrade still of all the happy scene.

John Weiss.

GREAT HEAD.

THE ground-pine flung its carpet on the steep,
As in and out, along the dinted shore
We crept, the surf-beat secrets to explore,
And map the isle for afterthought to keep.

And when we paused, to brood with talk and pipe
Upon the color of the cliffs and sky,

To watch light glooms of breezes scurry by,
And let each new surprise grow fancy-ripe,

Between the rocks we found our carpet spread;
From the far softness, where the sky and sea
In act of perfect marriage seemed to be,
The afternoon along the deep was led.

Against the seaward reefs, from time to time,
Some wave, more bold and eager than its mates,
Runs up, all white with hurrying, and waits,
And clings, as to a rugged verse the rhyme;

And falling back as slowly as a strain
That sings a mood we fear will slip away,
Our eyes, released, toward each other stray,
And climb, and cling, and act the wave again.

In lulls of speech the coast begins to croon:
Our thought and glance the far horizon sip;
And leagues of freshness break upon each lip
In tangled drift of mirth and talk and tune.

Tired lids of distance fall; between, a stripe
Of mornings clear, a memory, remains.
This eve we sit apart; the autumn gains;
The cricket's reverie must share my pipe.

John Weiss.

Mount Hope, R. I.

KING PHILIP.

ON Pokanoket's height
All life is hushed beneath the summer heat;
No human step is heard from morn to night,
And echo can repeat
Naught but the lonely fish-hawk's piercing screams,
As swooping downward to the placid bay,
To touch the water's breast he scarcely seems,
Then slow flies homeward with his struggling prey,
Where mate and clamorous young hang eager o'er
Their nest upon the blasted sycamore.
Yon little grove of trees
Waves soundless in the breeze
That wanders down the slope;
Hushed by the countless memories
Which cluster round thy crest, renowned Mount Hope.

How fair the scene!
The city's gleaming spires, the clustering towns,
The modest villages, half hid in green,
Soft hills and grassy downs,
The dark-blue waves of Narragansett Bay,
Flecked with the snowflakes of an hundred sail,
And, southward, in the distance, cold and gray,
Newport lies sleeping in her foggy veil.

Beyond the eastern waves,
Where Taunton River laves
The harbor's sandy edges,
Queen of a thousand iron slaves,
Fall River nestles in her granite ledges.

* * *

When here King Philip stood,
Or rested in the niche we call his throne,
He looked o'er hill and vale and swelling flood,
Which once were all his own.
Before the white man's footstep, day by day,
As the sea-tides encroach upon the sand,
He saw his proud possessions melt away,
And found himself a king without a land.
Constrained by unknown laws,
Judged guilty without cause,
Maddened by treachery,
What wonder that his tortured spirit rose,
And turned upon his foes,
And told his wrongs in words that still we see
Recorded on the page of history.

Anonymous.

MOUNT HOPE.

THE morning air was freshly breathing,
The morning mists were wildly wreathing;
Day's earliest beams were kindling o'er
The wood-crowned hills and murmuring shore.
'T was summer; and the forests threw

Their checkered shapes of varying hue,
In mingling, changeful shadows seen,
O'er hill and bank, and headland green.
Blithe birds were carolling on high
Their matin music to the sky,
As glanced their brilliant hues along,
Filling the groves with life and song;
All innocent and wild and free
Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.
The dew-drop sparkled on the spray,
Danced on the wave the inconstant ray;
And moody grief, with dark control,
There only swayed the human soul!

With equal swell, above the flood,
The forest-cinctured mountain stood;
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild,
Rock above rock sublimely piled.
What scenes of beauty met his eye,
The watchful sentinel on high!
With all its isles and inlets lay
Beneath, the calm, majestic bay;
Like molten gold, all glittering spread,
Where the clear sun his influence shed;
In wreathy, crispéd brilliance borne,
While laughed the radiance of the morn.
Round rocks, that from the headlands far
Their barriers reared, with murmuring war,
The chafing stream, in eddying play,
Fretted and dashed its foamy spray;
Along the shelving sands its swell

With hushed and equal cadence fell;
And here, beneath the whispering grove,
Ran rippling in the shadowy cove.
Thy thickets with their liveliest hue,
Aquetnet green! were fair to view;
Far curved the winding shore, where rose
Pocasset's hills in calm repose;
Or where descending rivers gave
Their tribute to the ampler wave.
Emerging frequent from the tide,
Scarce noticed mid its waters wide,
Lay flushed with morning's roseate smile,
The gay bank of some little isle;
Where the lone heron plumed his wing,
Or spread it as in act to spring,
Yet paused, as if delight it gave
To bend above the glorious wave.

James Wallis Eastburn.

MOUNT HOPE.

Mount Hope, the highest headland in Rhode Island, was the ancient seat of Metacomet, — "King Philip," — the indomitable chief of the Wampanoags. When, after a long and bloody war, he was conquered and killed at last, his wife — Queen Wootonekanusky — was dragged from her home on Mount Hope, and sold into slavery in Barbadoes.

I STROLL through verdant fields to-day,
Through waving woods and pastures sweet,
To the red warrior's ancient seat
Where liquid voices of the bay
Babble in tropic tongues around its rocky feet.

I put my lips to Philip's spring;
I sit in Philip's granite chair;
And thence I climb up, stair by stair,
And stand where once the savage king
Stood and with eye of hawk cleft the blue round of air.

On Narragansett's sunny breast
This necklace of fair islands shone,
And Philip, muttering, "All my own!"
Looked north and south and east and west,
And waved his sceptre from this alabaster throne.

His beacon on Pocasset hill,
Lighting the hero's path to fame
Whene'er the crafty Pequot came,
Blazed as the windows of yon mill
Now blaze at set of sun with day's expiring flame.

Always, at midnight, from a cloud,
An eagle swoops, and hovering nigh
This peak, utters one piercing cry
Of wrath and anguish, long and loud,
And plunges once again into the silent sky!

The Wampanoags, long since dead,
Who to these islands used to cling,
Spake of this shrieking midnight thing
With bated breath, and, shuddering, said,
"'T is angry Philip's voice,—the spectre of the king!"

All things are changed. Here Bristol sleeps
And dreams within her emerald tent;
Yonder are picnic tables bent
Beneath their burden; up the steeps
The martial strains arise and songs of merriment.

I pluck an aster on the crest;
It is a child of one, I know,
Plucked here two hundred years ago,
And worn upon the slave-queen's breast, —
O, that this blossom had a tongue to tell its woe!

W. A. Crofut.

Mount Pleasant, Me.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

'TWAS a glorious scene, — the mountain height
Aflame with sunset's colored light.

Even the black pines, grim and old,
Transfigured stood with crowns of gold.

There on a hoary crag we stood
When the tide of glory was at its flood.

Close by our feet, the mountain's child,
The delicate harebell, sweetly smiled,

Lifting its cups of tender blue
From seam and rift where the mosses grew.

The everlasting's mimic snow
Whitened the dry, crisp grass below;

While the yellow flames of golden-rod
Through clumps of starry asters glowed,

And the sumach's ruddy fires burned through
Tangled hazels of tawny hue.

Below stretched wide the skirt of wood
Where the maple's green was dashed with blood;

Where the beech had donned a golden brown,
And the ash was sad in a purple gown,

And the straight birch stems gleamed white between
The sombre spruces, darkly green.

Clasping the mountain's very feet,
The small lake lay, a picture sheet,

Where the pomp of sunset cloud and shine
Glowed in a setting of dark old pine.

Far in the west blue peaks arose, —
One with a crest of glittering snows, —

With hill and valley and wood between,
And lakes transfused with the sunset sheen.

* * *

Rose Sawborn.

Nahant, Mass.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild-roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists

Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower?

"O, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendors,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WETMORE COTTAGE.

TO G. W. C. AND C. P. C.

THE hours on the old piazza
That overhangs the sea
With a tender and pensive sweetness
At times steal over me;

And again o'er the balcony leaning,
We list to the surf on the beach,
That fills with its solemn warning
The intervals of speech.

We three sit at night in the moonlight,
As we sat in the summer gone,
And we talk of art and nature,
And sing as we sit alone;
We sing the old songs of Sorrento,
Where oranges hang o'er the sea,
And our hearts are tender with dreaming
Of days that no more shall be.

How gayly the hours went with us
In those old days that are gone,
Ah! would we were all together,
Where now I am standing alone.
Could life be again so perfect?
Ah, never! these years so drain
The heart of its freshness of feeling,
But I long, though the longing be vain.

William Wetmore Story.

AGASSIZ.

I STAND again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Nantasket, Mass.

NANTASKET.

FAIR is thy face, Nantasket,
And fair thy curving shores, —
The peering spires of villages,
The boatman's dipping oars,
The lonely ledge of Minot,
Where the watchman tends his light,

And sets his perilous beacon,
A star in the stormiest night.

Over thy vast sea highway
The great ships slide from sight,
And flocks of wingéd phantoms
Flit by, like birds in flight.
Over the toppling sea-wall
The home-bound dories float,
And I watch the patient fisherman
Bend in his anchored boat.

I am alone with Nature;
With the glad September day.
The leaning hills above me
With golden-rod are gay,
Across the fields of ether
Flit butterflies at play,
And cones of garnet sumach
Glow down the country way.

The autumn dandelion
Along the roadside burns;
Down from the lichened bowlders
Quiver the pluméd ferns;
The cream-white silk of the milkweed
Floats from its sea-green pod;
Out from the mossy rock-seams
Flashes the golden-rod.

The woodbine's scarlet banners
Flaunt from their towers of stone;

The wan, wild morning-glory
Dies by the road alone;
By the hill-path to the seaside
Wave myriad azure bells;
And over the grassy ramparts lean
The milky immortelles.

Hosts of gold-hearted daisies
Nod by the wayside bars;
The tangled thicket of green is set
With the aster's purple stars;
Beside the brook the gentian
Closes its fringéd eyes,
And waits the later glory
Of October's yellow skies.

Within the sea-washed meadow
The wild grape climbs the wall,
And from the o'er-ripe chestnuts
The brown burs softly fall.
I see the tall reeds shiver
Beside the salt sea marge;
I see the sea-bird glimmer,
Far out on airy barge.

I hear in the groves of Hingham
The friendly caw of the crow,
Till I sit again in Wachusett's woods,
In August's sumptuous glow.
The tiny boom of the beetle
Strikes the shining rocks below;
The gauzy oar of the dragon-fly
Is beating to and fro.

As the lovely ghost of the thistle
Goes sailing softly by;
Glad in its second summer
Hums the awakened fly;
The cumulate cry of the cricket
Pierces the amber noon;
In from the vast sea-spaces comes
The clear call of the loon;
Over and through it all I hear
Ocean's pervasive rune.

Against the warm sea-beaches
Rush the wavelets' eager lips;
Away o'er the sapphire reaches
Move on the stately ships.
Peace floats on all their pennons,
Sailing silently the main,
As if never human anguish,
As if never human pain,
Sought the healing draught of Lethe,
Beyond the gleaming plain.

Fair is the earth behind me,
Vast is the sea before,
Away through the misty dimness
Glimmers a further shore.
It is no realm enchanted,
It cannot be more fair
Than this nook of Nature's Kingdom,
With its spell of space and air.

Mary Clemmer.

Nantucket, Mass.

A SONG OF NANTUCKET.

In the old whaling days, when a ship was homeward bound with a fair wind, it was a common saying among the men that the girls of Nantucket were pulling the rope to draw them home.

THE land breaks out, like a gleam of hope,
Over the ocean foam,
But its daughters no longer are pulling the rope
That 's bringing her sailors home.

Her whalers lie rotting, and lone and drear,
Far in some foreign port:
They have laid there rusting for many a year,
Of water and wind the sport.

The decks are piled with the winter snows,
The men are scattered, — ah me!
No masthead echoes to "There she blows!"
Far out in the Okhotsk Sea.

But her hearts are as tried, and her men as true,
As, when trimming the distant sail,
They passed their lives on the waters blue,
In hunting the Bow Head Whale.

Her daughters are pure and sweet and fair,
And cheerful and kind and good,
And sparkling water and sparkling air
Shine out in their changeful mood.

* * *

E. Norman Gunnison.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.

NARRAGANSETT BAY.

THE sun is sinking from the sky
In calm and cloudless majesty;
And cooler hours, with gentle sway,
Succeed the fiery heat of day.
Forest and shore and rippling tide
Confess the evening's influence wide,
Seen lovelier in that fading light
That heralds the approaching night;
That magic coloring Nature throws,
To deck her beautiful repose,
When floating on the breeze of even,
Long clouds of purple streak the heaven,
With brighter tints of glory blending,
And darker hues of night descending,
While hastening to its shady rest
Each weary songster seeks its nest,
Chanting a last, a farewell lay,
As gloomier falls the parting day.

Broad Narragansett's bosom blue
Has shone with every varying hue;
The mystic alchemy of even
Its rich delusions all has given.
The silvery sheet unbounded spread,
First melting from the waters fled;

Next the wide path of beaten gold
Flashing with fiery sparkles rolled; —
As all its gorgeous glories died,
An amber tinge blushed o'er the tide;
Faint and more faint, as more remote,
The lessening ripples peaceful float;
And now, one ruby line alone
Trembles, is paler, and is gone,
And from the blue wave fades away
The last life-tint of dying day!
In darkness veiled, was seen no more
Canonicut's extended shore;
Each little isle, with bosom green,
Descending mists impervious screen;
One gloomy shade o'er all the woods
Of forest-fringed Aquetnet broods;
Where solemn oak was seen before
Beside the rival sycamore,
Or pine and cedar lined the height,
All in one livery brown were dight.

But lo! with orb serene on high,
The round moon climbs the eastern sky;
The stars all quench their feebler rays
Before her universal blaze.
Round moon! how sweetly dost thou smile
Above that green reposing isle,
Soft cradled in the illumined bay,
Where from its bank the shadows seem
Melting in filmy light away.
Far does thy tempered lustre stream,

Checkering the tufted groves on high,
While glens in gloom beneath them lie.
Oft sheeted with the ghostly beam,
Mid the thick forest's mass of shade,
The shingled roof is gleaming white,
Where labor, in the cultured glade,
Has all the wild a garden made.
And there with silvery tassels bright
The serried maize is waving slow,
While fitful shadows come and go,
Swift o'er its undulating seas,
As gently breathes the evening breeze.

James Wallis Eastburn.

IN NARRAGANSETT CHURCHYARD.

A LONELY slope of fairest green,
Furrowed with ancient, low-ridged graves;
Downward the forest-shadows lean,
And sunlight comes in fitful waves.

So sleeps the scene where, as of old,
Should grief and memory oft repair;
But love has faded and waxed cold, —
How silent broods the breathing air!

'Neath slanting stone or massive tomb
Each churchyard dweller stirless sleeps,
Nor recks of changing frost or bloom,
Or distant cry of ocean deeps.

On throbbing heart and eager brain
Well hath the stern one wrought his spell,

How poor are words, and signs how vain,
The story of one life to tell!

On that high, mossy, crumbling stone,
Washed by a century's dripping showers,
Mid phrases to our fathers known,
The graven death's-head dimly lowers.

And there, on many a weighty shaft,
The last faint glow of knightly fame
Survives in emblems that would waft
To latest days some honored name.

High on the right, with graven stone,
The ashes of the powerful lie;
Low on the left, 'neath turf alone,
Watched by the same eternal sky,

Repose at last the humble throng
Who toiled that those might leisure know;
To these no sculptured signs belong;
No imagery of death and woe

Mars the sweet sense of glad release,
The rest that time and nature yield;
The slave, the poor, the hireling, cease
From labor in this tranquil field.

Not all unheeded fled away
These shadows of the dusky past;
Here in some long-forgotten day
The mourner's tears have fallen fast.

But ere the wanderer's glance may pause
On each neglected, sunken mound,
His pious meed of pity draws
A low response of solemn sound:

"Come not to linger by our graves;
Plant not thy curious footstep here;
The past from thee no memory craves,
No idle tribute of a tear.

"Our names, our lives, why seek to know?
Avails it, then, that thou shouldst learn
Of aught but proud armorial show,
Or brazen pomp of funeral urn?

"See'st thou the glade in verdure drest?
Our strength subdued the stubborn soil:
In fields with golden promise blest
Behold the triumph of our toil!

"Nor we, the mothers of a race,
Less bravely strove, in evil days,
To cope with want, to win a space
For freer life, in broader ways.

"What though beneath no empty show
Of funeral state our relics rest?
Do they the sweeter slumber know
Who long the marble couch have pressed?

"To them their cherished pomp of place,
Their selfish pride of heartless powers;
Be ours the boast of loftier race,—
Manhood and womanhood were ours."

Esther Vernon Carpenter.

Nashua, the River.

NASHUA.

O THOU who journeyest through that Eden-clime,
Winding thy devious way to cheat the time,
Delightful Nashua! beside thy stream,
Fain would I paint thy beauties as they gleam.
Eccentric river! poet of the woods!
Where, in thy far secluded solitudes,
The wood-nymphs sport and naiads plash thy wave,
With charms more sweet than ever Fancy gave;
How oft with Mantua's bard, from school let free,
I 've conned the silver lines that flow like thee,
Couched on thy emerald banks, at full length laid,
Where classic elms grew lavish of their shade,
Or indolently listened, while the throng
Of idler beings woke their summer song;
Or, with rude angling gear, outwatched the sun,
Comparing mine to deeds by Walton done.

Far down the silent stream, where arching trees
Bend their green boughs so gently to the breeze,
One live, broad mass of molten crystal lies,
Clasping the mirrored beauties of the skies!
Look, how the sunshine breaks upon the plains!
So the deep blush their flattered glory stains.

Romantic river! on thy quiet breast,
While flashed the salmon with his lightning crest,
Not long ago, the Indian's thin canoe
Skimmed lightly as the shadow which it threw;

Not long ago, beside thy banks of green,
The night-fire blazed and spread its dismal sheen.
Thou peaceful valley! when I think how fair
Thy various beauty shines, beyond compare,
I cannot choose but own the Power that gave
Amidst thy woes a helping hand to save,
When o'er thy hills the savage war-whoop came,
And desolation raised its funeral flame!

Rufus Dawes.

Natick, Mass.

ELIOT'S OAK.

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Newbury, Mass.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

"Concerning ye Amphisbæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry: .... he assures me yt had really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or tongues." — REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN TO COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time
Of every people, in every clime,
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
Born of water and air and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.
So from the childhood of Newbury town
And its time of fable the tale comes down
Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake!

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary and dark and old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew
When Time was young, and the world was new,
And wove its shadows with sun and moon,
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn.

Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified; —
And think, if his lot were now thine own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might serve;
And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads, and not a score!

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,
Nothing on record is left to show;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,
And left the cast of a double head
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.
For he carried a head where his tail should be,
And the two, of course, could never agree,
But wriggled about with main and might,
Now to the left and now to the right;
Pulling and twisting this way and that,
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near! —
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear!
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day!
How urchins, searching at day's decline
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,
The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whir of bird!
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
In berry-time, of the younger sort,
As over pastures blackberry-twined,
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
The maiden clung to her lover's arm;
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,
Thanked the snake for the fond delay!

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,
To paint the primitive serpent by.
Cotton Mather came galloping down
All the way to Newbury town,
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak

Of Latin, and there another of Greek:
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
Behold! are they not in his Wonder-Book?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
If the snake does not, the tale runs still
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
And still, whenever husband and wife
Publish the shame of their daily strife,
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain
At either end of the marriage-chain,
The gossips say, with a knowing shake
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!
One in body and two in will,
The Amphisbæna is living still!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

1697.

UP and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,
For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,
And through the veil of a closéd lid
The ancient worthies I see again:
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.

His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes not;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to kiss!
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.

* * *

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away,
With the many tints of the season gay,
Dreamily blending in autumn mist
Crimson and gold and amethyst.
Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow;
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung;
And, round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill;
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,
Through green elm arches and maple leaves, —
Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man, —
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
Life and Death have come and gone!
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,

Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
The dresser glitters with polished wares,
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack
By the earthquake made a century back.
Up from their midst springs the village spire,
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire;
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,
And, where north and south the coast-lines run,
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun!

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
But my thoughts are full of the past and old;
I hear the tales of my boyhood told,
And the shadows and shapes of early days
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,
With measured movement and rhythmic chime
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.
I think of the old man wise and good
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,
(A poet who never measured rhyme,
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)
And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,
With his boyhood's love, on his native town,
Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,
His burden of prophecy yet remains,
For the voices of wood and wave and wind
To read in the ear of the musing mind: —

"As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast
As God appointed, shall keep its post;

As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep
Of Merrimac River, or sturgeon leap;
As long as pickerel swift and slim,
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim;
As long as the annual sea-fowl know
Their time to come and their time to go;
As long as cattle shall roam at will
The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill;
As long as sheep shall look from the side
Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide;
As long as a wandering pigeon shall search
The fields below from his white-oak perch,
When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn;
As long as Nature shall not grow old,
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
And her care for the Indian corn forget,
And the yellow rows in pairs to set; —
So long shall Christians here be born,
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn! —
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,
Shall never a holy ear be lost,
But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,
Be sown again in the fields of light!"
The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds
On hillside berries and marish seeds, —
All the beautiful signs remain,
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain

The good man's vision returns again!
And let us hope, as well we can,
That the Silent Angel who garners man
May find some grain as of old he found
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own
The precious seed by the fathers sown!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE OLD ELM OF NEWBURY.

DID ever it come in your way to pass
The silvery pond, with its fringe of grass;
And, threading the lane hard by, to see
The veteran elm of Newbury?

You saw how its roots had grasped the ground,
As if it had felt that the earth went round,
And fastened them down with determined will
To keep it steady, and hold it still.
Its aged trunk, so stately and strong,
Has braved the blasts, as they've rushed along;
Its head has towered, and its arms have spread,
While more than a hundred years have fled!

Well, that old elm, that is now so grand,
Was once a twig in the rustic hand
Of a youthful peasant, who went one night
To visit his love, by the tender light
Of the modest moon and her twinkling host,

While the star that lighted his bosom most,
And gave to his lonely feet their speed,
Abode in a cottage beyond the mead!

* * *

It is not recorded how long he stayed
In the cheerful home of the smiling maid;
But when he came out, it was late and dark,
And silent, — not even a dog would bark,
To take from his feeling of loneliness,
And make the length of his way seem less.
He thought it was strange, that the treacherous moon
Should have given the world the slip so soon;
And, whether the eyes of the girl had made
The stars of the sky in his own to fade,
Or not, it certainly seemed to him
That each grew distant and small and dim;
And he shuddered to think he now was about
To take a long and a lonely route;
For he did not know what fearful sight
Might come to him through the shadows of night!

An elm grew close by the cottage's eaves;
So he plucked him a twig well clothed with leaves,
And sallying forth with the supple arm,
To serve as a talisman parrying harm,
He felt that, though his heart was so big,
'T was even the stouter for having the twig.
For this, he thought, would answer to switch
The horrors away, as he crossed the ditch,
The meadow and copse, wherein, perchance,
Will-o'-the-wisp might wickedly dance;
And, wielding it, keep him from having a chill

At the menacing sound of "Whip-poor-will!"
And his flesh from creeping beside the bog
At the harsh, bass voice of the viewless frog:
In short, he felt that the switch would be
Guard, plaything, business, and company.

When he got safe home, and joyfully found
He still was himself! and living! and sound!
He planted the twig by his family cot,
To stand as a monument, marking the spot
It helped him to reach; and, what was still more,
Because it had grown by his fair one's door.

The twig took root; and as time flew by,
Its boughs spread wide, and its head grew high;
While the priest's good service had long been done
Which made the youth and the maiden one;
And their young scions arose and played
Around the tree, in its leafy shade.

But many and many a year has fled
Since they were gathered among the dead;
And now their names, with the moss o'ergrown,
Are veiled from sight on the churchyard stone
That leans away, in a lingering fall,
And owns the power that shall level all
The works that the hand of man hath wrought;
Bring him to dust, and his name to naught.
While, near in view, and just beyond
The grassy skirts of the silver pond,
In its "green old age," stands the noble tree,
The veteran elm of Newbury.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

Newburyport, Mass.

THE PREACHER.

ITS windows flashing to the sky,
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
Far down the vale, my friend and I
Beheld the old and quiet town:
The ghostly sails that out at sea
Flapped their white wings of mystery,
The beaches glimmering in the sun,
And the low wooded capes that run
Into the sea-mist north and south;
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay
Of clouds through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and glided o'er
The steeples with their veering vanes!

Awhile my friend with rapid search
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;

What is it, pray?" "The Whitefield Church!
Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."
Then as our homeward way we walked,
Of the great preacher's life we talked;
And through the mystery of our theme
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat,
A symbol of the light became
Which touched the shadows of our blame
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

* * *

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade
And fashion and folly and pleasure laid,

By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent.
And if where he labored the flood of sin
Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain defence,
As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod, —
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Newcastle, N. H.

THE GRAVE OF CHAMPERNOWNE.

FRANCIS CHAMPERNOWNE lies buried on the sea-side of Gerrish Island, his only monument a little pile of small stones. Thomas de Cambernon was the ancestor to whom the Champernownes traced back their descent. "Modbury's blazoned door" alludes to one of his descendants, the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a Champernowne of Modbury.

THOMAS DE CAMBERNON for Hastings' field
Left Normandy; his tower saw him no more!
And no crusader's war-horse plumed and steeled
Paws the grass now at Modbury's blazoned door;
No lettered marble nor ancestral shield, —
Where all the Atlantic shakes the lonesome shore,
Lies ours forgotten; only cobble-stones
To tell us where are Champernowne's poor bones.

John Elwyn.

New Haven, Conn.

THE BURYING-GROUND.

OH, where are they whose all that earth could give
Beneath these senseless marbles disappeared?
Where even they who taught these stones to grieve, —
The hands that hewed them, and the hearts that reared?
Such the poor bounds of all that's hoped or feared
Within the griefs and smiles of this short day.
Here sank the honored, vanished the endeared.
This the last tribute love to love could pay, —
An idle pageant-pile to graces passed away.

Why deck these sculptured trophies of the tomb?
Why, victims, garland thus the spoiler's fane?
Hope ye by these to avert oblivion's doom,
In grief ambitious, and in ashes vain?
Go, rather bid the sand the trace retain
Of all that parted Virtue felt and did!
Yet powerless man revolts from Ruin's reign;
And Pride has gleamed upon the coffin-lid,
And heaped o'er human dust the mountain pyramid.

Sink, mean memorials of what cannot die!
Be lowly as the relics you o'erspread!
Nor lift your funeral forms so gorgeously,

To tell who slumbers in each lowly bed.
I would not honor thus the sainted dead,
Nor to each stranger's careless eye declare
My sacred griefs for joy and friendship fled.
No, let me hide the names of those that were,
Deep in my stricken heart, and shrine them only there.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs
That filled her sails at parting
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure," —
Thus prayed the old divine, —
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and walty,
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered: —
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,

And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

New London, Conn.

NEW LONDON.

WHEN this fair town was Nam-e-aug,
A bleak, rough waste of hill and bog,
In huts of seaweed, thatch, and log,
Our fathers few, but strong and cheery,
Sate down amid these deserts dreary.

'T was all a wild, unchristian wood;
A fearful, boisterous solitude;
A harbor for the wild-fowl's brood,
Where countless flocks of every pinion
Held o'er the shores a bold dominion.

The sea-hawk hung his cumbrous nest,
Oak-propped, on every highland crest;

Cranes through the seedy marshes prest;
The curlew, by the river lying,
Looked on God's image, him defying.

The eagle-king soared high and free,
His shadow on the glassy sea
A sudden ripple seemed to be;
The sunlight in his pinions burning
Shrouded him from eyes upturning.

They came; the weary-footed band,
The paths they cleared, the streams they spanned;
The woodland genius grew more bland;
In haste his tangled vines unweaving,
Them and their hopes with joy receiving.

* * *

Great hearts were those that hither came, —
A Winthrop of undying fame,
A Brewster of an honored name, —
Great hearts, the growth of three great nations,
Laid deep for us these firm foundations.

* * *

Frances M. Caulkins.

PLOWDEN HALSEY.

1812.

LIVE the name of Plowden Halsey!
Honor to his hero soul!
Tell the old and noble story,
Wreathe his name with fresher glory,
As the ages roll.

Off the harbor of New London
Lay a British man-of-war;
By her force our troops annoying,
And our commerce still destroying,
Driving it afar.

Who will, in the dread torpedo
Sinking down her hull beneath,
Screw the magazine tremendous,
Whose explosive force stupendous
Scatters all in death?

"I will go," said Plowden Halsey,
With the red flush on his cheek;
And his slender form grew stately:
All around him wondered greatly,
As they heard him speak.

"I will go," said Plowden Halsey,
"Some heart must the peril brave.
Never say that fear appalls me.
Let me go; my country calls me,
Honored, if I save.

"Let me go; and, safe returning,
Life has higher power to bless.
Let me go; and, even if failing,
Take this comfort mid bewailing, —
Noble failure is success."

* * *

Oh, the night was wild and stormy!
Shrouding mists came closely down;

Thick the murky air was glooming,
And the sullen waves were booming;
Dark the tempest's frown.

Out into the formless darkness
Strong hands bent the springing oar;
Died away the friendly voices,
Hushed were all the murmured noises;
Died the lights on shore.

Underneath the tall mast's shadow
Rowing close, the youth they left;
From the peril still unshrinking,
In the fatal engine sinking,
Under-waves he cleft.

Poured the rain in rushing torrents,
Down the darkness driven aslope;
Comrades, mid the wild commotion,
Watched the deed of stern devotion
Fearful, yet with hope.

Ha! the ship has caught the danger!
Lights are hurrying from below!
Peals the alarm-gun! Men are leaping
Into the boats! With swift oars sweeping
Out, to seize the foe.

Closer round they draw the circle, —
Have they won the fearful prize?
Louder than the pealing thunder,
Bursting all the waves asunder,
Flaming on the skies,

Comes the terrible explosion!
  Vast and hollow is the square
Where the many boats were sailing,
And the awful light is paling,
  And no boats are there!

Reels the ship in foaming waters,
  Lashing furious to the shore;
And the storm-rage grows intenser,
And the darkness gathers denser,
  Denser than before.

Where is noble Plowden Halsey?
  Vainly do his comrades row
All the night. O night appalling!
Irresponsive to their calling,
  Plowden sleeps below.

* * *

Caroline F. Orne.

THE CAPTAIN.

THE Bridgeport paper of March, 1823, said: "Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain-storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist Meeting-House from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships: "I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer; I have sailed
In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge

Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas,
And often in my cold and midnight watch
Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore
Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows;
And when they made the deep boil like a pot,
Have swung into its vortex; and I know
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart:
But never yet upon the stormy wave,
Or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I — a Methodist meeting-house!

* * *

Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern!
It comes in such a "questionable shape,"
I cannot even speak it! Up jib, Josey,
And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford Point,
Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
Are safe from such encounters, we 'll protest!
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale.
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by a meeting-house.

John Gardner Calkins Brainard.

Newport, R. I.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor, whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,

As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw

Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;

She had forgot her fears,
  She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
  O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
  My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
  Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart
  (I tell the tale as 't was told to me);
But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
  Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French:
It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms — poor wench —
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
At what golden-laced speech of those modish days
She listened — the mischief take her!

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave; and ever as their bloom failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?

* * *

I sit in the sad old house to-night, —
Myself a ghost from a farther sea;

And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two;
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long veranda dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odor of mignonette!

I open the window, and seem almost —
So still lies the ocean — to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare,
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss;
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignonette there is
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn;
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door;
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
She is viewless forevermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night!

Bret Harte.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

IT is nearly a hundred years ago,
Since the day that the Count de Rochambeau —
Our ally against the British crown —
Met Washington in Newport town.

'T was the month of March, and the air was chill,
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Canonicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose

In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night and day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast, or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away
From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
And her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a curséd Frenchman, high or low;
And so while the Count de Rochambeau
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop Delight;
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck, — 't was the sloop Delight,
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
Then "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "so my fine romance
From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."

Nora Perry.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

HOW strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"
The mourners said, "and Death is rest and peace";
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea — that desert desolate —
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;

Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE GRAY CLIFF AT NEWPORT.

WHAT strivest thou for, O thou most mighty ocean,
Rolling thy ceaseless sweeping surfs ashore?
Canst thou not stay that restless, wild commotion?
Must that low murmur moan forevermore?
Yet thou art better than our hearts, though yearning
Still for some unattainéd, unknown land;
Thou still art constant, evermore returning,
With each fresh wind, to kiss our waiting strand.
O heart! if restless, like the yearning ocean,
Like it be all thy waves, of one emotion!

Whither, with canvas wings, O ship, art sailing, —
Homeward or outward bound, to shore or sea?
What thought within thy strong sides is prevailing, —
Hope or despair, sorrow or careless glee?
Thou, too, art like our hearts, which gayly seeming,
With hope sails set to catch each freshening breeze,
In truth art sad, with tears and trials teeming, —
Perhaps to sail no more on life's wild seas.
O heart! while sailing, like a ship, remember,
Thou, too, mayst founder in a rough December!

Why your white arms, ye windmills, are ye crossing
In sad succession to the evening breeze,
As though within your gray old heads were tossing
Thoughts of fatigue and longings after ease? —
But ye are better than our hearts, for grieving
Over your cares ye work your destined way,

While they, their solemn duties weakly leaving,
In helpless sorrow weep their lives away.
O heart! if like those hoary giants mourning,
Why not be taught by their instructive warning!

William Croswell Doane.

THE CLIFFS AT NEWPORT.

O NEWPORT! chosen sweetheart of the sea,
Wooed by the waves at each returning tide;
The strong rocks guard thee, lest thou daintily
Shouldst, slipping 'twixt their crags, flee as his bride.

O waves! that beat upon a hopeless shore,
That ask and call, and, weeping, turn again,
So shall you rise and fall forevermore,
Nor even time shall bring you joy for pain.

Within the silent chamber of my heart
It is as with the city and the sea;
For Fate is strong, and holds me still apart
From one who hopes, and, trusting, waits for me.

Ruth Dana.

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

SO the man be a man, let him worship, at will,
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill.
When she makes up her jewels, what cares yon good town
For the Baptist of Wayland, the Quaker of Brown?

And this green, favored island, so fresh and sea-blown,
When she counts up the worthies her annals have known,
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of sect
To measure her love and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand,—
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Norridgewock, Me.

OLD NORRIDGEWOCK.

THIS is a quiet old town, living more in the past than the present;
Dreamily flows its life, like its dreamy, beautiful river.
Grass grows green in its streets, the streets are still and deserted;
Over them arch the elms, the gothic roof of a temple.
Birds are the only choirs, the wind is a deep-sounding organ,
As it plays on the branches of pines hanging over the river.
Moss is deep on thy roofs, O Norridgewock! old are thy houses!

Past are the palmy days when thy stores were busy with traffic,
And on the green were heard the merry voices of children.
Rarely now the dust of thy street is disturbed by a carriage,
And a stranger passing on foot is regarded with wonder.
But thy beauty remains, thy wooded hills and thy orchards,
And the pastures dotted with sheep or ruminant cattle,
And thy Kennebec, unchanged yet constantly changing,
Varying with the sky, now sombre, now gleefully laughing
As the joyous breeze and the sunbeams play on its waters;
Now reflecting its banks and the old oaks bending above it;
Or golden lights from the clouds, when the wind is still and the sunset
Paints on the western sky the glory of gold and of crimson.

* * *

Sunset Hill looks down on the village, and hither the young folks
Thrice in a summer carry their baskets and lunch on its summit.
There is a lovely view, — the Kennebec valley, the river
Calm as a windless lake, reflecting its banks and its bridges,
Hidden here, and here in sight, till it reaches Skowhegan.

Under us lies the village, but lost mid its elms and its maples.
Watched by the old church tower and the court-house, long since deserted,
And in the west are the mountains, all faint and blue in the distance.

* * *

Nathan Haskell Dole.

AT NORRIDGEWOCK.

'TIS morning over Norridgewock, —
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred
At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencil dipped in sunbeams there, —
And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue sky, —
Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
The oak, upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward heaves;
The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,

Against the birch's graceful stem,
And the rough walnut-bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,
Each colored like a topaz gem;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal, which autumn gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Northampton, Mass.

NORTHAMPTON.

ERE from thy calm seclusion parted,
O fairest village of the plain!
The thoughts that here to life have started
Draw me to Nature's heart again.

The tasselled maize, full grain or clover,
Far o'er the level meadow grows,
And through it, like a wayward rover,
The noble river gently flows.

Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken
By all the storms an age can bring,
Trail sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,
Yet lithesome with the juice of spring.

By sportive airs the foliage lifted,
Each green leaf shows its white below,

As foam on emerald waves is drifted,
Their tints alternate come and go.

* * *

And when the distant mountain ranges
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,
Oft memory all the landscape changes,
And pensive thoughts are blent with glad.

For then, as in a dream Elysian,
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain
Seems, to my rapt yet waking vision,
To yield familiar charms again.

Save that for dome and turret hoary,
Amid the central valley lies
A white church-spire unknown to story,
And smoke-wreaths from a cottage rise.

On Holyoke's summit woods are frowning,
No line of cypresses we see,
Nor convent old with beauty crowning
The heights of sweet Fiesole.

* * *

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

HOLYOKE VALLEY.

HOW many years have made their flights,
Northampton, over thee and me,
Since last I scaled those purple heights
That guard the pathway to the sea;

Or climbed, as now, the topmost crown
Of western ridges, whence again
I see, for miles beyond the town,
That sunlit stream divide the plain?

There still the giant warders stand
And watch the current's downward flow,
And northward still, with threatening hand,
The river bends his ancient bow.

I see the hazy lowlands meet
The sky, and count each shining spire,
From those which sparkle at my feet
To distant steeples tipt with fire.

For still, old town, thou art the same:
The redbreasts sing their choral tune,
Within thy mantling elms aflame,
As in that other, dearer June,

When here my footsteps entered first,
And summer perfect beauty wore,
And all thy charms upon me burst,
While Life's whole journey lay before.

Here every fragrant walk remains,
Where happy maidens come and go,
And students saunter in the lanes
And hum the songs I used to know.

I gaze, yet find myself alone,
And walk with solitary feet:

How strange these wonted ways have grown!
Where are the friends I used to meet?

In yonder shaded Academe
The rippling metres flow to-day,
But other boys at sunset dream
Of love, and laurels far away;

And ah! from yonder trellised home,
Less sweet the faces are that peer
Than those of old, and voices come
Less musically to my ear.

Sigh not, ye breezy elms, but give
The murmur of my sweetheart's vows,
When Life was something worth to live,
And Love was young beneath your boughs!

Fade beauty, smiling everywhere,
That can from year to year outlast
Those charms a thousand times more fair,
And, oh, our joys so quickly past!

Or smile to gladden fresher hearts
Henceforth: but they shall yet be led,
Revisiting these ancient parts,
Like me to mourn their glory fled.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Norwich, Conn.

THE INLAND CITY.

GUARDED by circling streams and wooded mountains,
Like sentinels round a queen,
Dotted with groves and musical with fountains,
The city lies serene.

Not far away the Atlantic tide diverges,
And, up the southern shore
Of gray New England, rolls in shortened surges,
That murmur evermore.

The fairy city! not for frowning castle
Do I extol her name,
Not for the gardens and the domes palatial
Of oriental fame;

Yet if there be one man who will not rally,
One man, who sayeth not
That of all cities in the Eastern valley
Ours is the fairest spot;

Then let him roam beneath those elms gigantic,
Or idly wander where
Shetucket flows meandering, where Yantic
Leaps through the cloven air;

Gleaming from rock to rock with sunlit motion,
Then slumbering in the cove;

So sinks the soul, from Passion's wild devotion,
To the deep calm of Love.

And journey with me to the village olden,
Among whose devious ways
Are mossy mansions, rich with legends golden
Of early forest days;

Elysian time! when, by the rippling water,
Or in the woodland groves,
The Indian warrior and the Sachem's daughter
Whispered their artless loves;

Legends of fords, where Uncas made his transit,
Fierce for the border war,
And drove all day the alien Narragansett
Back to his haunts afar;

Tales of the after-time, when scant and humble
Grew the Mohegan band,
And Tracy, Griswold, Huntington, and Trumbull
Were judges in the land.

So let the caviller feast on old tradition,
And then at sunset climb
Up yon green hill, where on his broadened vision
May burst the view sublime!

The city spires, with stately power impelling
The soul to look above,
And peaceful homes, in many a rural dwelling,
Lit up with flames of love;—

And then confess, nor longer idly dally,
While sinks the lingering sun,
That of all cities in the Eastern valley
Ours is the fairest one.

* * *

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Ossipee, the Lake, N. H.

ON THE HILLS.

FOR weeks the clouds had raked the hills,
And vexed the vales with raining;
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

At last a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valleys clean before
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich Notch the west-wind sang
Good-morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake, Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky,
The peaks had winter's keenness;
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven, —
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purple lights of heaven;

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains;
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Otter, the River, Vt.

THE RIVER OTTER.

A HUNDRED times the Summer's fragrant blooms
Have laden all the air with sweet perfumes, —
A hundred times along the mountain-side
Autumn has flung his crimson banners wide, —
A hundred times has kindly Winter spread
His snowy mantle o'er the violet's bed, —
A hundred times has Earth rejoiced to hear
The Spring's light footsteps in the forest sere,
Since on yon grassy knoll the quick, sharp stroke
Of the young woodman's axe the silence broke.

Not then did these encircling hills look down
On quaint old farmhouse or on steepled town.
No church-spires pointed to the arching skies;
No wandering lovers saw the moon arise;
No childish laughter mingled with the song
Of the fair Otter, as it flowed along
As brightly then as now. Ah! little recked
The joyous river, when the sunshine flecked
Its dancing wavelets, that no human eye
Gave it glad welcome as it frolicked by!
The long, uncounted years had come and flown,
And it had still swept on, unseen, unknown,
Biding its time. No minstrel sang its praise,
No poet named it in immortal lays.
It played no part in legendary lore,
And young Romance knew not its winding shore.

* * *

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Parker River, Mass.

PARKER RIVER.

WHERE THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEWBURY LANDED IN SEPTEMBER, 1634.

THROUGH broad gleaming meadows of billowy grass,
That forms at its outlet a long narrow pass,
The river comes down
By farms whose high tillage gives note to the town,

As sparkling and bright
As it gladdened the sight
Of the fathers who first found its beautiful shore,
And felt here was home, — they need wander no more.

When the swallows were gathering in flocks for their flight,
As if conscious some foe of their kind were in sight,
They pushed up the stream
In the low level rays of the sun's lingering beam,
That lit all below
With a magical glow,
That brought by resemblance old England to mind,
Whose shores they had left with such heart-ache behind.

The golden-rod waved its bright plumes from the bank,
As if all the sunshine of summer it drank,
And grapes full and fair
Their wild native fragrance flung out on the air;
And asters, and all
The gay flowerets of fall
That lengthen the season's long dreamy delight,
Were crowding the woodside their beauty made bright.

In the soft sunny days of September they came,
When the trees here and there were alight with the flame
That betokens decay
And the passing of summer in glory away;
As if the great Cause
Of Nature's grand laws

Had set his red signet that here should be stayed
The tide of the year in its pomp and parade.

And now, as I stand on this broad open height,
And take in the view with enraptured delight,
I feel as they felt
Who in fervor of soul by these bright waters knelt,
That here I could rest
In the consciousness blest
That Nature has given all heart, hand, or eye
Could crave for contentment that earth can supply; —

The limitless ocean that stretches away
Beyond the bright islets that light up the bay,
The murmurous roar
Of the surf breaking in on the long line of shore,
And rivers that run
Like gold in the sun,
And broad sunny hillsides and bright breezy groves,
And all one instinctively longs for and loves.

Trees bending with fruit touched with tints of the morn,
Fields soft with the late springing verdure unshorn,
And glimpses so fair
Of city and river and sails here and there,
And cottages white
On the beach by the light, —
The picturesque roadside, and vistas that seem
Like openings to fairy-land seen but in dream.

* * *

Adieu, gentle river! though long I may wait
Ere here I shall stand at the day's golden gate,

And take in the view
That brings back the past as so old and so new;
Yet memory will still
Haunt this storied old hill
Whence I see as in vision the prospect unrolled
In all the bright splendor of purple and gold.

Henry Henderson.

Pawtucket Falls, R. I.

PAWTUCKET FALLS.

AT last a sound, like murmurs from the shore,
Of far-off ocean when the storm is bound,
Grows on his ear, and still increases more
As he advances, till the woods resound,
And seem to tremble with the constant roar
Of many waters. Ay, the very ground
Begins to shake, when 'neath the arching trees,
Bright glimmering, and fast gliding down, he sees

Broad rushing waters,—to their dizzy steep
Hither they come; thence, glimmering far as sight,
Up 'twixt the groves can trace their coming sweep;
Here, from the precipice all frothy white,
Uttering an earthquake in their headlong leap,
And flinging sunbows o'er their showery flight,
And bursting wild,—down, down, all foam they go
To the dark gulf, and smoke and boil below.

Thence, hurrying onward through the narrow bound
Of banks precipitous, they murmuring go,
Till by the jutting cliffs half wheeling round,
They leave the view among the hills below.
There paused our father, ravished with the sound
Of the wild waters, and their rapid flow;
And there, all lonely, joyed that he had found
Thy Falls, Pawtucket, and where Seekonk wound.

Job Durfee.

Pemaquid, Me.

GOD'S ACRE AT OLD PEMAQUID.

WHERE ocean breezes sweep across the restless deep
It stands, with headstones quaint with sculpture rude,
Its green turf thickly sown with dust of lives unknown,
Like withered leaves on autumn pathway strewed.

Willow nor cypress bough shadow the dead below,
Nor mournful yew, by summer's soft breath stirred;
The dawn, and twilight's fall, never made musical
By carol clear of some sweet-throated bird.

Not from the sunny earth, her tones of sylvan mirth,
Her flowery meads, and plains of waving corn,
But from the treacherous waves, their rocks and sparry caves,
Unto their rest were these sad sleepers borne.

Perchance they had their home far from the crested foam,
And blue seas rippling o'er the pink-lipped shells.
Some green vale far away, where sweet-voiced waters play,
And the bee murmurs in the wild-flower's bells.

O churchyard drear and lone! haunted by voices gone
And silent feet, and lives like rose leaves shed,
Thy dust shall yet arise, when from our earthly skies
Mists fade away and seas give up their dead.

Anonymous.

Pemigewasset, the River, N. H.

MY MOUNTAIN.

I SHUT my eyes in the snow-fall
And dream a dream of the hills.
The sweep of a host of mountains,
The flash of a hundred rills,

For a moment they crowd my vision;
Then, moving in troops along,
They leave me one still mountain-picture,
The murmur of one river's song.

'T is the musical Pemigewasset,
That sings to the hemlock-trees
Of the pines on the Profile Mountain,
Of the stony Face that sees,

Far down in the vast rock-hollows
The waterfall of the Flume,
The blithe cascade of the Basin,
And the deep Pool's lonely gloom.

All night, from the cottage-window
I can hear the river's tune;
But the hushed air gives no answer
Save the hemlocks' sullen rune.

A lamb's bleat breaks through the stillness,
And into the heart of night. —
Afar and around, the mountains,
Veiled watchers, expect the light.

Then up comes the radiant morning
To smile on their vigils grand;
Still muffled in cloudy mantles
Do their stately ranges stand?

It is not the lofty Haystacks
Piled up by the great Notch-Gate,
Nor the glow of the Cannon Mountain,
That the Dawn and I await,

To loom out of northern vapors;
But a shadow, a pencilled line,
That grows to an edge of opal
Where earth-light and heaven-light shine.

Now rose-tints bloom from the purple;
Now the blue climbs over the green;

Now, bright in its bath of sunshine,
The whole grand Shape is seen.

Is it one, or unnumbered summits, —
The Vision so high, so fair,
Hanging over the singing River
In the magical depths of air?

Ask not the name of my mountain!
Let it rise in its grandeur lone;
Be it one of a mighty thousand,
Or a thousand blent in one.

Would a name evoke new splendor
From its wrapping and folds of light,
Or a line of the weird rock-writing
Make plainer to mortal sight?

You have lived and learnt this marvel:
That the holiest joy that came
From its beautiful heaven to bless you,
Nor needed nor found a name.

Enough, on the brink of the river
Looking up and away, to know
That the Hill loves the Pemigewasset.
And broods o'er its murmurous flow.

Perhaps, if the Campton meadows
Should attract your pilgrim feet
Up the summer road to the mountains,
You may chance my dream to meet: —

Either mine, or one more wondrous.
Or perhaps you will look, and say
You behold only rocks and sunshine,
Be it dying or birth of day.

Though you find but the stones that build it,
I shall see through the snow-fall still,
Hanging over the Pemigewasset,
My glorified, dream-crowned Hill.

Lucy Larcom.

Penikese, the Island, Mass.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain
Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves they stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay,
Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth:
"We have come in search of truth,

Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force.
As with fingers of the blind,
We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the Seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death.
By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to heaven interpreted.

As, in life's best hours, we hear
By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us ;
And his holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, his
The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplit
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?
Did the shade before him come
Of the inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese ;

But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again:
Where the eyes that follow fail,
On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail.
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well:
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from Summer's blossomed land,
When the air is glad with wings,
And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
Many an eye with his still face
Shall the living ones displace,
Many an ear the word shall seek
He alone could fitly speak.
And one name forevermore
Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
By the waves that kiss the shore,
By the curlew's whistle sent
Down the cool, sea-scented air;
In all voices known to her,
Nature owns her worshipper,
Half in triumph, half lament.
Thither Love shall tearful turn,
Friendship pause uncovered there,
And the wisest reverence learn
From the Master's silent prayer.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

PENIKESE.

NOT vainly Homer saw it in a dream,
Circling the world and bounding continents;
Our shore is girdled by an Ocean Stream,
Which nearest to the Vineyard Sound indents.

There fringing the azure deep are happy isles,
Which swim in warmth of Equatorial seas,
And gladden in the gracious Summer's smiles, —
The smallest, nearest us is Penikese.

A string of pearls they lie on Ocean's breast,
Steeped in a languor brought them from afar,
And drowse through summer days in silent rest,
Kissed by mild waves and loved of moon and star.

Once the shy Indian saw his shadow shake
Across the wave, as he withdrew his spear
From the struck bass, or heard within the brake
The tender grass torn by the feeding deer.

Those dumb, waste centuries of loss are o'er,
A better, nobler day to them succeeds:
Now Science rears her watch-tower by the shore,
Round it are scholars whom a teacher leads.

The light within the watch-tower is his mind,
Cosmic, with forms of life which end in man;
There all the tribes their place in order find,
As if he read the thought of God's own plan.

* * *

Oh! happy ones who read the book of life,
Till ye through him in wisdom daily grow,
To find how far above Earth's barren strife
Is the soul's hunger — toil divine — to know.

What pastoral lives of true simplicity!
Plain living and high thinking, with the bond
Between them of a lofty sympathy,
Whose circlet rings this world and worlds beyond.

Hail! generous heart which gave its home of years!
Hail, too, ye youth who lean on such a guide!
Long may the shrine which now glad Science rears
Shine like a load-star o'er the waters wide.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

Penobscot, the Bay, Me.

PENOBSCOT BAY.

FAR eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;
And gently from that Indian town
The verdant hillside slopes adown,
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below;
And shooting round the winding shores
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby, —

With birchen boat and glancing oars,
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting ground is borne
The treasure of the golden corn,
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun.
Watching the huskers, with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile;
And the old chief, who nevermore
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie, —
Gems of the waters! — with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees
Touched by the pencil of the frost,
And, with the motion of each breeze,
A moment seen, — a moment lost, —
Changing and blent, confused and tossed,
The brighter with the darker crossed
Their thousand tints of beauty glow
Down in the restless waves below,
And tremble in the sunny skies,
As if, from waving bough to bough,
Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group, — and there
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,
Half trembling, as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.
There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air, —
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old;
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,
Swells in the north vast Katahdin:
And, wandering from its marshy feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with his own bright bay.
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,
Arched over by the ancient woods,
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,
Alone hath ever shorn away.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Penobscot, the River, Me.

NOREMBEGA.

Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country southwest of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.

THE winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"Oh hush and hark! What sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised! — He sets for me
A blessed cross in sight!"
"Now, nay, 't is but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave;

Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave!

"My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou
And look from yonder heights;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But through the drear woods, lone and still,
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see,
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
A sword of fire beyond;
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear,
We are but men misled;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
A true man's cross may stand,
So Heaven be o'er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land?

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide
Of lordly tower and hall;
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given:
Is Norembega, then, a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven?

"No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me—

"'*Urbs Syon mystica*'; I see
Its mansions passing fair,

'*Condita cælo*'; let me be,
Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue
The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert's keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the unknown stream,
And Norembega proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
Within the hemlock's shade,
And, stretching wide its arms to save,
The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
And made it holy ground:
He needs the earthly city not
Who hath the heavenly found.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

MIDSUMMER'S crimson moon,
Above the hills like some night-opening rose,
Uplifted, pours its beauty down the vale
Where broad Penobscot flows.

* * *

And I remember now
That this is haunted ground. In ages past
Here stood the storied Norembega's walls
Magnificent and vast.

The streets were ivory paved,
The stately walls were built of golden ore,
Its domes outshone the sunset, and full boughs
Hesperian fruitage bore.

And up this winding flood
Has wandered many a sea-tossed daring bark,
While eager eyes have scanned the rugged shore,
Or pierced the wildwood dark.

But watched in vain; afar
They saw the spires gleam golden on the sky,
The distant drum-beat heard, or bugle-note
Wound wildly, fitfully.

Banners of strange device
Beckoned from distant heights, yet as the stream
Narrowed among the hills, the city fled
A mystery, — or a dream.

In the deep forest hid
Like the enchanted princess of romance,
Wooing an endless search, yet still secure
In her unbroken trance.

O city of the Past!
No mirage of the wilderness wert thou!
Though yet unfreed from the mysterious spell,
I deem thee slumbering now.

Perhaps invisible feet,
White-sandalled, pass amid the moonbeams pale;
Yon shadowy wave may be some lordly barge
Drifting with phantom sail.

The legend was not all
A myth, it was a prophecy as well;
In Norembega's cloud-rapt palaces
The living yet shall dwell.

Fed by its hundred lakes,
Here shall the river run o'er golden sands!
These hills in burnished tower and temple shine
Beneath the Builder's hands.

Where tarries still the hour
When the true knight shall the enchantment break?
Unveil the peerless city of the East,
The charméd princess wake?

Till then, O river! tell
To none but dreaming bards the Future's boon!
Till then, guard thou the mystery of the vale,
Midsummer midnight moon!

Frances L. Mace.

Piscataqua, the River, N. H.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.

THOU singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods, and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest.
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast!

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town
And burn the tapering spires;

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
Through woods, and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn;

And take this song which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Pittsfield, Mass.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!

With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!"
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;

O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Plum Island, Mass.

INSIDE PLUM ISLAND.

WE floated in the idle breeze,
With all our sails a-shiver;
The shining tide came softly through,
And filled Plum Island River.

The shining tide stole softly up
Across the wide green splendor,
Creek swelling creek till all in one
The marshes made surrender.

And clear the flood of silver swung
Between the brimming edges,
And now the depths were dark, and now
The boat slid o'er the sedges.

And here a yellow sand-spit foamed
Amid the great sea meadows,
And here the slumberous waters gloomed
Lucid in emerald shadows.

While, in their friendly multitude
Encamped along our quarter,
The host of hay-cocks seemed to float
With doubles in the water.

Around the sunny distance rose
A blue and hazy highland,

And winding down our winding way
The sand-hills of Plum Island, —

The windy dunes that hid the sea
For many a dreary acre,
And muffled all its thundering fall
Along the wild South Breaker.

We crept by Oldtown's marshy mouth,
By reedy Rowley drifted,
But far away the Ipswich bar
Its white caps tossed and shifted.

Sometimes we heard a bittern boom,
Sometimes a piping plover,
Sometimes there came the lonesome cry
Of white gulls flying over.

Sometimes, a sudden fount of light,
A sturgeon splashed, and fleeting
Behind the sheltering thatch we heard
Oars in the rowlocks beating.

But all the rest was silence, save
The rippling in the rushes,
The gentle gale that struck the sail
In fitful swells and gushes.

Silence and summer and the sun,
Waking a wizard legion,
Wove as we went their ancient spells
In this enchanted region.

No spectral care could part the veil
Of mist and sunbeams shredded,
That everywhere behind us closed
The labyrinth we threaded.

Beneath our keel the great sky arched
Its liquid light and azure;
We swung between two heavens, ensphered,
Within their charmed embrasure.

Deep in that watery firmament,
With flickering lustres splendid,
Poised in his perfect flight, we saw
The painted hawk suspended,

And there, the while the boat-side leaned,
With youth and laughter laden,
We saw the red fin of the perch,
We saw the swift manhaden.

Outside, the hollow sea might cry,
The wailing wind give warning;
No whisper saddened us, shut in
With sunshine and the morning.

Oh, far, far off the weary world
With all its tumult waited,
Forever here with drooping sails
Would we have hung belated!

Yet, when the flaw came ruffling down,
And round us curled and sallied,

We skimmed with bubbles on our track,
As glad as when we dallied.

Broadly the bare brown Hundreds rose,
The herds their hollows keeping,
And clouds of wings about her mast
From Swallowbanks were sweeping.

While evermore the Bluff before
Grew greenly on our vision,
Lifting beneath its waving boughs
Its grassy slopes Elysian.

There, all day long, the summer sea
Creams murmuring up the shingle;
There, all day long, the airs of earth
With airs of heaven mingle.

Singing we went our happy way,
Singing old songs, nor noted
Another voice that with us sang,
As wing and wing we floated.

Till hushed, we listened, while the air
With music still was beating,
Voice answering tuneful voice, again
The words we sang repeating.

A flight of fluting echoes, sent
With elfin carol o'er us, —
More sweet than bird-song in the prime
Rang out the sea-blown chorus.

Behind those dunes the storms had heaped
In all fantastic fashion,
Who syllabled our songs in strains
Remote from human passion?

What tones were those that caught our own,
Filtered through light and distance,
And tossed them gayly to and fro
With such a sweet insistence?

What shoal of sea-sprites, to the sun
Along the margin flocking,
Dripping with salt dews from the deeps,
Made this melodious mocking?

We laughed, — a hundred voices rose
In airiest, fairiest laughter;
We sang, — a hundred voices quired
And sang the whole song after.

One standing eager in the prow
Blew out his bugle cheerly,
And far and wide their horns replied
More silverly and clearly.

And falling down the falling tide,
Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, flown faint and fine,
We heard their horns still blowing.

Then, with the last delicious note
To other skies alluring,
Down ran the sails; beneath the Bluff
The boat lay at her mooring.

* * *

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Plymouth, Mass.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE pilgrim fathers, — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile — sainted name! —
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head; —
But the pilgrim — where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

John Pierpont.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Hemans.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH.

I SAT one evening in my room,
In that sweet hour of twilight
When blended thoughts, half light, half gloom,
Throng through the spirit's skylight;
The flames by fits curled round the bars,
Or up the chimney crinkled,
While embers dropped like falling stars,
And in the ashes tinkled.

I sat and mused; the fire burned low,
And, o'er my senses stealing,
Crept something of the ruddy glow
That bloomed on wall and ceiling;
My pictures (they are very few,
The heads of ancient wise men)
Smoothed down their knotted fronts, and grew
As rosy as excisemen.

My antique high-backed Spanish chair
Felt thrills through wood and leather,

That had been strangers since whilere,
Mid Andalusian heather,
The oak that made its sturdy frame
His happy arms stretched over
The ox whose fortunate hide became
The bottom's polished cover.

It came out in that famous bark,
That brought our sires intrepid,
Capacious as another ark
For furniture decrepit;
For, as that saved of bird and beast
A pair for propagation,
So has the seed of these increased
And furnished half the nation.

Kings sit, they say, in slippery seats;
But those slant precipices
Of ice the northern voyager meets
Less slippery are than this is;
To cling therein would pass the wit
Of royal man or woman,
And whatsoe'er can stay in it
Is more or less than human.

I offer to all bores this perch,
Dear well-intentioned people
With heads as void as week-day church,
Tongues longer than the steeple;
To folks with missions, whose gaunt eyes
See golden ages rising, —

Salt of the earth! in what queer Guys
Thou 'rt fond of crystallizing!

My wonder, then, was not unmixed
With merciful suggestion,
When, as my roving eyes grew fixed
Upon the chair in question,
I saw its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,
Whose doublet plain and plainer hose
Were something worn and dusty.

Now even such men as Nature forms
Merely to fill the street with,
Once turned to ghosts by hungry worms,
Are serious things to meet with;
Your penitent spirits are no jokes,
And, though I'm not averse to
A quiet shade, even they are folks
One cares not to speak first to.

Who knows, thought I, but he has come,
By Charon kindly ferried,
To tell me of a mighty sum
Behind my wainscot buried?
There is a buccaneerish air
About that garb outlandish —
Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said, "My name is Standish.

"I come from Plymouth, deadly bored
With toasts, and songs, and speeches,

As long and flat as my old sword,
  As threadbare as my breeches:
They understand us Pilgrims! they,
  Smooth men with rosy faces,
Strength's knots and gnarls all pared away,
  And varnish in their places!

"We had some toughness in our grain,
  The eye to rightly see us is
Not just the one that lights the brain
  Of drawing-room Tyrtæuses:
They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
  Their birthright high and holy!
A mountain-stream that ends in mud
  Methinks is melancholy.

"He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
  That were not good at bending;
The homespun dignity of man
  He thought was worth defending;
He did not, with his pinchbeck ore,
  His country's shame forgotten,
Gild Freedom's coffin o'er and o'er,
  When all within was rotten.

"These loud ancestral boasts of yours,
  How can they else than vex us?
Where were your dinner orators
  When slavery grasped at Texas?
Dumb on his knees was every one
  That now is bold as Cæsar;

Mere pegs to hang an office on
Such stalwart men as these are."

"Good sir," I said, "you seem much stirred;
The sacred compromises —"
"Now God confound the dastard word!
My gall thereat arises:
Northward it hath this sense alone,
That you, your conscience blinding,
Shall bow your fool's nose to the stone,
When slavery feels like grinding,

"'T is shame to see such painted sticks
In Vane's and Winthrop's places,
To see your spirit of Seventy-six
Drag humbly in the traces,
With slavery's lash upon her back,
And herds of office-holders
To shout applause, as, with a crack,
It peels her patient shoulders.

"We forefathers to such a rout! —
No, by my faith in God's word!"
Half rose the ghost, and half drew out
The ghost of his old broadsword,
Then thrust it slowly back again,
And said, with reverent gesture,
"No, Freedom, no! blood should not stain
The hem of thy white vesture.

"I feel the soul in me draw near
The mount of prophesying;

In this bleak wilderness I hear
A John the Baptist crying;
Far in the east I see upleap
The streaks of first forewarning,
And they who sowed the light shall reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

"Child of our travail and our woe,
Light in our day of sorrow,
Through my rapt spirit I foreknow
The glory of thy morrow;
I hear great steps, that through the shade
Draw nigher still and nigher,
And voices call like that which bade
The prophet come up higher."

I looked, no form mine eyes could find,
I heard the red cock crowing,
And through my window-chinks the wind
A dismal tune was blowing;
Thought I, My neighbor Buckingham
Hath somewhat in him gritty,
Some Pilgrim-stuff that hates all sham,
And he will print my ditty.

James Russell Lowell.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

THE trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,

Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns erelong shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ELDER FAUNCE AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

AN old, old man!
His hair is white as snow,
His feeble footsteps slow,
And the light in his eyes grown dim.
An old, old man!
Yet they bow with reverence low,
With respect they wait on him.

They gather to his side,
And in his way they throng:
Greet him with love and pride

The aged and the young.
And the children leave their play
As he passes on his way,
And afar off they follow
This old, old man.

He has gone down to the rock
That is lying by the shore;
He hath silent sate him down;
And the young man, whose strong arm
Hath shielded him from harm,
Will not disturb the dream
That his spirit hovers o'er;
And the gathered throng beside him
Group them on the shore.

Long he sits in silence,
The old, old man;
While the waves with silvery reach
Go curling up the beach,
Or dash against the rocks in spray, —
The huge rocks bedded deep
At the base of the proud steep,
Where the green ridge of Manomet
Grandly rises far away.

All the air is still,
And every distant hill
Its summit veils in soft, misty blue;
Across the wide-spread bay,
Five-and-twenty miles away,
The white cliffs of Cape Cod hang in air,

As some mysterious hand,
Or enchanter's lifted wand,
Had suspended them, and charmed them there;
And o'er all the waters wide,
And the hills in summer pride,
And the islands in the bay that rise,
And over Saquish-head
And the Gurnet's breakers dread,
The mild, soft sunlight like a blessing lies.

The old man's eyes grow bright
With the light of bygone days;
His voice is strong and clear,
His form no more is bowed,
He stands erect and proud,
And, dashing from his eye the indignant tear,
He turns him to the crowd that wait expectant near,
And reverent on him gaze;
For they know that he has walked
In all the Pilgrim ways.

"Mark it well!" he cries,
"Mark it well!
This rock on which we stand:
For here the honored feet
Of our Fathers' exiled band
Pressed the land;
And not the wide, wide world,
Not either hemisphere,
Has a spot in its domain
To freedom half so dear."

* * *

Caroline Frances Orne.

Plymouth, N. H.

DEATH OF HAWTHORNE.

HE rose upon an early dawn of May,
And looked upon the stream and meadow flowers,
Then on the face of his beloved, and went;

And, passing, gazed upon the wayside haunt,
The homely budding gardens by the road,
And harvest promise, — still he said, I go.

Once more he mingled in the midday crowd,
And smiled a gentle smile, a sweet farewell,
Then moved towards the hills and laid him down.

Lying, he looked beyond the pathless heights,
Beyond the wooded steep and clouded peaks,
And, looking, questioned, then he loved and slept.

And while he slept his spirit walked abroad,
And wandered past the mountain, past the cloud,
Nor came again to rouse the form at peace.

Though like some bird we strive to follow him,
Fruitless we beat at the horizon's verge,
And fruitless seek the fathomless blue beyond.

We work and wait, and water with salt tears,
Learning to live that living we may sleep,
And sleeping cross the mountains to God's rest.

Annie Fields.

Portland, Me.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song
It flutters and murmurs still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
  And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
  I find my lost youth again.
    And the strange and beautiful song,
    The groves are repeating it still:
  "A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,
  Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
  Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
  Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
  By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
  Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
  Not the tides that used to run.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FESSENDEN'S GARDEN.

FROM this high window, in the twilight dim,
I look beyond a lofty garden wall,
And see well-ordered walks and borders trim,
With trellised vines and ranks of fruit-trees tall.

Along the darkling shrubbery, where most
The garden's olden lord at evening strayed,
I half perceive a silent, stately ghost
Taking dim shape against the denser shade.

His footstep makes no rustle in the grass,
Nor shakes the tenderest blossom on its stem;
The light leaves bend aside to let him pass, —
Or is it but the wind that touches them?

A statesman, with a grave, reflective air,
Once used to walk there, in the shadows sweet;
Now the broad apple-trees, his pride and care,
Spread their pink carpet wide for alien feet.

Beneath those friendly boughs, with mind unbent,
He found sometimes a respite sweet and brief;
Threaded the wandering ways in pleased content,
And plucked a flower, or pulled a fragrant leaf;

Twined a stray tendril, lopped a straggling limb,
Or raised a spray that drooped across the walk;
Watched unscared birds that shared the shade with him,
Saw robins build, or heard the sparrows talk.

His native streets now hardly know his name;
And in the world of politics, wherein
He toiled so long and earned an honored fame,
It is almost as though he had not been.

Amid the earnest councils of the land,
His lofty form, his cold and clear-cut face,
His even voice, and wise restraining hand
Are known no more, and others take his place.

But in this haunt of quietude and rest,
Which for so many years he loved and knew,
The bird comes back to build its annual nest,
The months return, with sun and snow and dew.

Nature lives on, though king or statesman dies;
Thus mockingly these little lives of ours,
So brief, so transient, seem to emphasize
The immortality of birds and flowers!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Portsmouth, N. H.

AMY WENTWORTH.

HER fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee;

She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!
Fair toast of all the town! —
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown, —
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador!

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Elliot's bowers;

Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar
To see the white gulls fly;
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,

And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in hand,
Down the long lane, and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say

These words, or thought he did, as plain as day:
"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so!"
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied:
"No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,

Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went, — seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed,
The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,

And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.
And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest;
For why repeat the name of every guest?
But I must mention one, in bands and gown,

The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer.
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday: it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask."
The Governor answered: "To this lady here";
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.

She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Providence, R. I.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

LISTEN to his rich words, intoned
To songs of lofty cheer,
Who in the howling wilderness,
Mid forests wild and drear,

Breathed not of exile nor of wrong,
Through the long winter nights,
But uttered in exulting song,
The soul's unchartered rights;

Who sought the oracles of God
In the heart's veiléd shrine,
Nor asked the monarch nor the priest,
His sacred laws to sign.

The brave, high heart that would not yield
Its liberty of thought,
Far o'er the melancholy main,
Through bitter trials brought;

But, to a double exile doomed,
By Faith's pure guidance led,—
Through the dark labyrinth of life,
Held fast her golden thread.

Listen! The music of his dream
Perchance may linger still
In the old familiar places
Beneath the emerald hill.

The wave-worn rock still breasts the storm
On Seekonk's lonely side,
Where the dusk natives hailed the bark
That bore their gentle guide.

The spring that gushed amid the wild
In music on his ear,
Still pours its waters, undefiled,
The fainting heart to cheer.

And the fair cove, that slept so calm
Beneath o'ershadowing hills,
And bore the exile's evening psalm
Far up its flowery rills,—

The wave that parted to receive
The pilgrim's light canoe,
As if an angel's balmy wing
Had stirred its waters blue,—

What though the fire-winged courser's breath
Has swept its cooling tide,
And fast before its withering blast,
The rushing wave has dried,

Still, narrowed to our crowded mart, —
A fair enchanted mere, —
In the proud city's throbbing heart
It sleeps serene and clear.

Or turn we to the green hill's side;
There, with the spring-time showers,
The white-thorn o'er a nameless grave,
Rains its pale, silver flowers.

Yet memory lingers with the past,
Nor vainly seeks to trace
His footprints on a rock, whence time
Nor tempests can efface;

Whereon he planted, fast and deep,
The roof-tree of a home
Wide as the wings of Love may sweep,
Free as her thoughts may roam;

Where through all time the saints may dwell,
And from pure fountains draw
That peace which passeth human thought,
In liberty and law.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

WILLIAM GUILD was engineer of the train which on the 19th of April plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an "All's well" to his wife. He was found, after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of his engine.

TWO low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer —
That was the signal that Guild, 't is said —
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love-song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence, —
"Nothing amiss —

Nothing! — it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew:
"To our trust true,
First of all, duty! Good night!" it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

Bret Harte.

A NOVEMBER LANDSCAPE.

HOW like a rich and gorgeous picture hung
In memory's storied hall, seems that fair scene
O'er which long years their mellowing tints have flung.
The wayside flowers had faded one by one,
Hoar were the hills, the meadows drear and dun, —
When homeward, wending, 'neath the dusky screen
Of the autumnal woods at close of day,
As o'er a pine-clad height my pathway lay,

Lo! at a sudden turn, the vale below
Lay far outspread, all flushed with purple light;
Gray rocks and umbered woods gave back the glow
Of the last day-beams, fading into night;
While down the glen where fair Moshaussuck flows
With all its kindling lamps the distant city rose.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

THE dawn has broke, the morn is up,
Another day begun;
And there thy poised and gilded spear
Is flashing in the sun,
Upon that steep and lofty tower
Where thou thy watch hast kept,
A true and faithful sentinel,
While all around thee slept.

For years, upon thee, there has poured
The summer's noonday heat,
And through the long, dark, starless night
The winter storms have beat;
But yet thy duty has been done,
By day and night the same,
Still thou hast met and faced the storm,
Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept
Along the distant heaven,

But thou hast watched its onward course,
And distant warning given;
And, when midsummer's sultry beams
Oppress all living things,
Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes
With health upon its wings.

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,
Or twilight's quiet hour,
The swallows, in their joyous glee,
Come darting round their tower,
As if, with thee, to hail the sun
And catch his earliest light,
And offer ye the morn's salute,
Or bid ye both good night.

And when, around thee or above,
No breath of air has stirred,
Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight
Of each free, happy bird,
Till, after twittering round thy head
In many a mazy track,
The whole delighted company
Have settled on thy back.

Then, if, perchance, amidst their mirth,
A gentle breeze has sprung,
And, prompt to mark its first approach,
Thy eager form hath swung,
I've thought I almost heard thee say,
As far aloft they flew, —

"Now all away! here ends our play,
For I have work to do!"

Men slander thee, my honest friend,
And call thee, in their pride,
An emblem of their fickleness,
Thou ever-faithful guide.
Each weak, unstable human mind
A "weathercock" they call;
And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name
A byword for their deeds:
They change their friends, their principles,
Their fashions, and their creeds;
Whilst thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
Thus causelessly to range;
But when thou changest sides, canst give
Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touched by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them,—
And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know,
Who, round their earth-bound circles, plod
The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night
Thou well hast kept thy trust,

And now in glory o'er thy head
The morning light has burst.
And unto earth's true watcher, thus,
When his dark hours have passed,
Will come "the day-spring from on high,"
To cheer his path at last.

Bright symbol of fidelity,
Still may I think of thee;
And may the lesson thou dost teach
Be never lost on me;
But still, in sunshine or in storm,
Whatever task is mine,
May I be faithful to my trust,
As thou hast been to thine.

Albert G. Greene.

Rhode Island, the Island.

A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL.

I SAT beside the glowing grate, fresh heaped
With Newport coal, and as the flame grew bright, —
The many-colored flame, — and played and leaped,
I thought of rainbows and the Northern Light,
Moore's Lalla Rookh, the Treasury Report,
And other brilliant matters of the sort.

At last I thought of that fair isle which sent
The mineral fuel; on a summer day

I saw it once, with heat and travel spent,
And scratched by dwarf-oaks in the hollow way;
Now dragged through sand, now jolted over stone, —
A rugged road through rugged Tiverton.

And hotter grew the air, and hollower grew
The deep-worn path, and, horror-struck, I thought
Where will this dreary passage lead me to?
This long, dull road, so narrow, deep, and hot?
I looked to see it dive in earth outright;
I looked, — but saw a far more welcome sight.

Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,
At once a lovely isle before me lay;
Smooth, and with tender verdure covered o'er,
As if just risen from its calm inland bay;
Sloped each way gently to the grassy edge,
And the small waves that dallied with the sedge.

The barley was just reaped, — its heavy sheaves
Lay on the stubble field, — the tall maize stood
Dark in its summer growth, and shook its leaves, —
And bright the sunlight played on the young wood, —
For fifty years ago, the old men say,
The Briton hewed their ancient groves away.

I saw where fountains freshened the green land,
And where the pleasant road, from door to door
With rows of cherry-trees on either hand,
Went wandering all that fertile region o'er, —
Rogue's Island once, — but, when the rogues were dead,
Rhode Island was the name it took instead.

Beautiful island! then it only seemed
A lovely stranger, — it has grown a friend.
I gazed on its smooth slopes, but never dreamed
How soon that bright beneficent isle would send
The treasures of its womb across the sea,
To warm a poet's room and boil his tea.

Dark anthracite! that reddenest on my hearth,
Thou in those island mines didst slumber long;
But now thou art come forth to move the earth,
And put to shame the men that mean thee wrong.
Thou shalt be coals of fire to those that hate thee,
And warm the shins of all that underrate thee.

Yea, they did wrong thee foully, — they who mocked
Thy honest face, and said thou wouldst not burn;
Of hewing thee to chimney-pieces talked,
And grew profane, — and swore, in bitter scorn,
That men might to thy inner caves retire,
And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire.

Yet is thy greatness nigh. I pause to state,
That I too have seen greatness, even I, —
Shook hands with Adams, — stared at La Fayette,
When, bareheaded, in the hot noon of July,
He would not let the umbrella be held o'er him,
For which three cheers burst from the mob before him.

And I have seen — not many months ago —
An eastern governor in chapeau bras
And military coat, a glorious show!
Ride forth to visit the reviews, and ah!

How oft he smiled and bowed to Jonathan!
How many hands were shook and votes were won!

'T was a great governor, — thou too shalt be
Great in thy turn, — and wide shall spread thy fame,
And swiftly; farthest Maine shall hear of thee,
And cold New Brunswick gladden at thy name,
And, faintly through its sleets, the weeping isle
That sends the Boston folks their cod shall smile.

For thou shalt forge vast railways, and shalt heat
The hissing rivers into steam, and drive
Huge masses from thy mines, on iron feet,
Walking their steady way, as if alive,
Northward, till everlasting ice besets thee,
And south as far as the grim Spaniard lets thee.

Thou shalt make mighty engines swim the sea,
Like its own monsters, — boats that for a guinea
Will take a man to Havre, — and shalt be
The moving soul of many a spinning-jenny,
And ply thy shuttles, till a bard can wear
As good a suit of broadcloth as the mayor.

Then we will laugh at Winter when we hear
The grim old churl about our dwellings rave;
Thou, from that "ruler of the inverted year,"
Shalt pluck the knotty sceptre Cowper gave,
And pull him from his sledge, and drag him in,
And melt the icicles from off his chin.

William Cullen Bryant.

Rye, N. H.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

ON the lone rocks of Rye,
When the day grows dimmer,
And the stars from the sky
Shed a tremulous glimmer,
While the low winds croon,
And the waves, as they glisten,
Complain to the moon,
I linger and listen.

All the magical whole
Of shadow and splendor
Steals into my soul,
Majestic yet tender;
And the desolate main,
Like a sibyl intoning
Her mystical strain,
Keeps ceaselessly moaning.

I hear it spell-bound,
All its myriad voices, —
Its wandering sound,
And my spirit rejoices;
For out of the deep
And the distance it crieth,
And, deep unto deep,
My spirit replieth.

Thomas Durfee.

Saco, the River, N. H. and Me.

THE RIVER SACO.

FROM Agiochook's granite steeps,
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps
Down the gray mountain's rugged side; —
The stern rent crags and tall dark pines
Watch that young pilgrim flashing by,
While close above them frowns or shines
The black torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon gathering strength it swiftly takes
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,
Retreating from the glare of day; —
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs
From the strong mountain's circling arms,
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,
Among green Fryeburg's woods and farms.

Here with low voice it comes and calls
For tribute from some hermit lake,
And here it wildly foams and falls,
Bidding the forest echoes wake; —
Now sweeping on it runs its race
By mound and mill in playful glee; —
Now welcomes, with its pure embrace,
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

At last, with loud and solemn roar,
Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,
It sinks where, on the sounding shore,
The broad Atlantic heaves afar; —
There, on old ocean's faithful breast,
Its wealth of waves it proudly flings,
And there its weary waters rest,
Clear as they left their crystal springs.

Sweet stream! it were a fate divine,
Till this world's toils and tasks were done,
To go, like those bright floods of thine,
Refreshing all, enslaved by none, —
To pass through scenes of calm and strife,
Singing, like thee, with holy mirth,
And close in peace a varied life,
Unsullied by one stain of earth.

James Gilborne Lyons.

THE FALLS OF THE SACO.

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?
Close to the verge of the rock is he,
While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,
And slow through the rock its pathway hewing!
Far down, through the mist of the falling river,

Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are seen,
With water howling and vexed between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SACO FALLS.

RUSH on, bold stream! thou sendest up
Brave notes to all the woods around,
When morning beams are gathering fast,
And hushed is every human sound;
I stand beneath the sombre hill,
The stars are dim o'er fount and rill,
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away;
Dash on, bold stream! I love the roar
Thou sendest up from rock and shore.

'T is night in heaven,—the rustling leaves
Are whispering of the coming storm,
And, thundering down the river's bed,
I see thy lengthened, darkling form;
No voices from the vales are heard,
The winds are low, each little bird
Hath sought its quiet, rocking nest,
Folded its wings, and gone to rest:
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away.

Oh! earth hath many a gallant show,
Of towering peak and glacier height,
But ne'er, beneath the glorious moon,
Hath nature framed a lovelier sight
Than thy fair tide with diamonds fraught,
When every drop with light is caught,
And, o'er the bridge, the village girls
Reflect below their waving curls,
While merrily thy waters play
In welcome music, far away!

James Thomas Fields.

THE SACO.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake
that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervales;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and
flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years
ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams,
and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its freedom
of the hills,
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately Cham-
pernoon
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trumpet
of the loon!

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of fire
and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him like
a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward far
and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged: the sorrow and
the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own
akin;
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers
sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always
young.

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Salem, Mass.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

DELUSIONS of the days that once have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest hearts, —
These are our theme to-night; and vaguely here,
Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere,

We draw the outlines of weird figures cast
In shadow on the background of the Past.
Who would believe that in the quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal arms, —
Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken rest, —
Who would believe such deeds could find a place
As these whose tragic history we retrace?
'T was but a village then: the goodman ploughed
His ample acres under sun or cloud;
The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbors in the sun;
The only men of dignity and state
Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,
Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear of God;
And who believed devoutly in the Powers
Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations dread,
And shrouded apparitions of the dead.
Upon this simple folk "with fire and flame,"
Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil came;
Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous darts,
To set on fire of Hell all tongues and hearts!
And 't is no wonder; for, with all his host,
There most he rages where he hateth most,

And is most hated; so on us he brings
All these stupendous and portentous things!"
Something of this our scene to-night will show;
And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe,
Be not too swift in casting the first stone,
Nor think New England bears the guilt alone.
This sudden burst of wickedness and crime
Was but the common madness of the time,
When in all lands, that lie within the sound
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned or drowned.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SALEM.

SWIFT fly the years. Too swift, alas!
A full half-century has flown,
Since, through these gardens fair and pastures lone
And down the busy street,
Or 'neath the elms whose shadows soft are thrown
Upon the common's trampled grass,
Pattered my childish feet.
Gone are the happy games we played as boys!
Gone the glad shouts, the free and careless joys,
The fights, the feuds, the friendships that we had,
And all the trivial things that had the power,
When Youth was in its early flower,
To make us sad or glad!
Gone the familiar faces that we knew,
Silent the voices that once thrilled us through,
And ghosts are everywhere!

They peer from every window-pane,
From every alley, street, and lane
They whisper on the air.
They haunt the meadows green and wide,
The garden-walk, the river-side,
The beating mill adust with meal,
The rope-walk with its whirring wheel,
The elm grove on the sunny ridge,
The rattling draw, the echoing bridge;
The lake on which we used to float
What time the blue jay screamed his note,
The voiceful pines that ceaselessly
Breathed back their answer to the sea,
The school-house, where we learned to spell,
The church, the solemn-sounding bell, —
All, all, are full of them.
Where'er we turn, howe'er we go,
Ever we hear their voices dim
That sing to us as in a dream
The song of "Long ago."

Ah me, how many an autumn day
We watched with palpitating breast
Some stately ship, from India or Cathay,
Laden with spicy odors from the East,
Come sailing up the bay!
Unto our youthful hearts elate
What wealth beside their real freight
Of rich material things they bore!
Ours were Arabian cargoes, fair,
Mysterious, exquisite, and rare;

From far romantic lands built out of air
On an ideal shore
Sent by Aladdin, Camaralzaman,
Morgiana, or Badoura, or the Khan.
Treasures of Sindbad, vague and wondrous things
Beyond the reach of aught but Youth's imaginings.

* * *

How oft half-fearfully we prowled
Around those gabled houses, quaint and old,
Whose legends, grim and terrible,
Of witch and ghost that used in them to dwell,
Around the twilight fire were told;
While huddled close with anxious ear
We heard them, quivering with fear,
And, if the daylight half o'ercame the spell,
'T was with a lingering dread
We oped the door and touched the stinging bell
In the dark shop that led,
For some had fallen under time's disgrace,
To meaner uses and a lower place.
But as we heard it ring, our hearts' quick pants
Almost were audible;
For with its sound it seemed to rouse the dead,
And wake some ghost from out the dusky haunts
Where faint the daylight fell.

Upon the sunny wharves how oft
Within some dim secluded loft
We played, and dreamed the livelong day,
And all the world was ours in play;

We cared not, let it slip away,
And let the sandy hour-glass run,
Time is so long, and life so long
When it has just begun.

William Wetmore Story.

Salmon, the River, N. H.

SALMON RIVER.

'TIS a sweet stream, — and so, 't is true, are all
That, undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge fixed has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet there 's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscared look;
There 's much in its wild history, that teems
With all that 's superstitious, — and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropped there, like the drops of rain;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain, —

And many a quiver,
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 't is still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon River.

Here, say old men, the Indian magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or darkening glade,
Or tangled dell.
Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, that howled and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stripped and dressed, to wear,
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'T is hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of, — but it is a theme
I chance to love;
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river, — which, if there be need,
I 'll try to prove.

John Gardner Calkins Brainard.

Saybrook, Conn.

BRIDE BROOK.

WIDE as the sky Time spreads his hand,
And blindly over us there blows
A swarm of years that fill the land,
Then fade, and are as fallen snows.

Behold, the flakes rush thick and fast;
Or are they years that come between,
When, peering back into the past,
I search the legendary scene?

Nay; marshalled down the open coast,
Fearless of that low rampart's frown,
The winter's white-winged, footless host
Beleaguers ancient Saybrook town.

And when the settlers wake, they stare
On woods half-buried, white and green,
A smothered world, an empty air:
Never had such deep drifts been seen!

But "Snow lies light upon my heart!
An thou," said merry Jonathan Rudd,
"Wilt wed me, winter shall depart,
And love like spring for us shall bud."

"Nay, how," said Mary, "may that be?
Nor minister nor magistrate

Is here, to join us solemnly;
And snow-banks bar us, every gate."

"Winthrop at Pequot Harbor lies,"
He laughed. And with the morrow's sun
He faced the deputy's dark eyes:
"How soon, sir, may the rite be done?"

"At Saybrook? There the power's not mine,"
Said he. "But at the brook we 'll meet,
That ripples down the boundary line;
There you may wed, and Heaven shall see 't."

Forth went, next day, the bridal train
Through vistas dreamy with gray light.
The waiting woods, the open plain,
Arrayed in consecrated white,

Received and ushered them along;
The very beasts before them fled,
Charmed by the spell of inward song
These lovers' hearts around them spread.

Four men with netted foot-gear shod
Bore the maid's carrying-chair aloft;
She swayed above, as roses nod
On the lithe stem their bloom-weight soft.

At last beside the brook they stood,
With Winthrop and his followers;
The maid in flake-embroidered hood,
The magistrate well cloaked in furs,

That, parting, showed a glimpse beneath
Of ample, throat-encircling ruff
As white as some wind-gathered wreath
Of snow quilled into plait and puff.

A few grave words, a question asked,
Eyelids that with the answer fell
Like falling petals, — form that tasked
Brief time; — yet all was wrought, and well!

Then "Brooklet," Winthrop smiled and said,
"Frost's finger on thy lip makes dumb
The voice wherewith thou shouldst have sped
These lovers on their way; but, come,

"Henceforth forever be thou known
By name of her here made a bride;
So shall thy slender music's moan
Sweeter into the ocean glide!"

Then laughed they all, and sudden beams
Of sunshine quivered through the sky.
Below the ice the unheard stream's
Clear heart thrilled on in ecstasy;

And lo, a visionary blush
Stole warmly o'er the voiceless wild,
And in her rapt and wintry hush
The lonely face of Nature smiled.

Ah, Time, what wilt thou? Vanished quite
Is all that tender vision now;
And like lost snow-flakes in the night,
Mute lie the lovers as their vow.

And O thou little, careless brook,
Hast thou thy tender trust forgot?
Her modest memory forsook,
Whose name, known once, thou utterest not?

Spring wakes the rill's blithe minstrelsy;
In willow bough or alder bush
Birds sing, with golden filigree
Of pebbles 'neath the flood's clear gush;

But none can tell us of that name
More than the "Mary." Men still say
"Bride Brook" in honor of her fame;
But all the rest has passed away.

George Parsons Lathrop.

Scituate, Mass.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Samuel Woodworth.

AT SEA.

IT was off the cliffs of Scituate,
In old Massachusetts Bay,
We took a stiff northeaster,
About the break of day;
Lord! how it howled and whistled
Through the ratlines and the shrouds,

As the icy snow dashed pelting
Through the scud of lowering clouds!

Outspoke then our bold captain, —
"She fairly drifts astern;
Against this gale no Boston
Can the good barque make, this turn;
To beach her were but madness,
Where the wild surf runs so high, —
Under our lee lies Scituate,
And there we can but try."

Then "Hard up!" cried the captain, —
Like a bird she bore away,
The blast just struck her quarter,
And she flew across the bay;
Before us broke the dreaded bar,
And by the helmsman stood
Our captain, as the brave barque plunged
Into the foam-tossed flood.

One plunge! the strong wave lifted her, —
Aghast stood all the crew!
Again, — she rose upon the surge, —
And it brought her safely through.
Now, God bless Scituate Harbor,
And be blessed forevermore,
Who saved us from the sea's cold clasp,
By that wild, treacherous shore.

George Lunt.

Seaconnet Point, R. I.

NIGHTFALL ON THE SEACONNET SHORE.

WE sat together, you and I,
And watched the daylight's dying bloom,
And saw the great white ships go by,
Like phantoms through the gathering gloom.

Like phantom lights the lonely stars
Looked through the sea-fog's ghastly veil,
Beyond the headland's rocky bars
We heard the stormy surges wail.

We sat together, hand in hand,
Upon the lonely, sea-girt wall,
And watched, along the glimmering strand,
The wild, white breakers plunge and fall.

You spoke of pleasures past away,
Of hopes that left the heart forlorn,
Of life's unrest and love's decay,
And lonely sorrows proudly borne.

The sea's phantasmal sceneries
Commingled with your mournful theme;
The splendors of your starry eyes
Were drowned in memory's deepening dream.

Darker and lonelier grew the night
Along the horizon's dreary verge,

And lonelier through the lessening light
Sang the wild sea-wind's wailing dirge.

When, kindling through the gathering gloom,
Beyond West-Island's beetling brow,
Where breakers dash, and surges boom,
We saw Point Judith's fires aglow.

Piercing night's solemn mystery,
The lighthouse reared its lonely form,
Serene above the weltering sea
And guardant through the gathering storm.

So, o'er the sea of life's unrest,
Through grief's wild storm, and sorrow's gloom,
Faith's heavenly pharos in the breast
Lights up the dark with deathless bloom.

The sea-born sadness of the hour
Melted beneath its holy spell;
Faith blossomed into perfect flower,
And our hearts whispered, "All is well."

Sarah Helen Whitman.

STORM ON SAUGONNET.

ROUND and red in a golden haze
Had the sun gone up from his eastern bed
For days and days, and as round and red
The sun had gone down for days and days.

The windless hills were bathed in the gold
Of their own autumnal atmosphere, —

The thousand hues of the parting year
In their banners of glory mixed, fold on fold.

Round and red in the midnight sky
The lone moon rode with never a star, —
The bronzed right wheel of her noiseless car
With a broad tire girdling her throne on high.

Then came the storm with its signal drum,
All night we heard on the eastern shore
The steady booming and muffled roar
Of the great waves' tramp ere the winds had come!

They came with the morning! the lurid glow
Of the sunrise into black ashes burned;
The torn clouds whirled, overturned and turned,
Wrung till they streamed with a torrent's flow.

With the measured march of a mighty host
The ground-swell came, with wave upon wave,
On the red Saugonnet rocks they drave,
And scattered their foam over leagues of coast.

Out of the Infinite, up from the smoke
Of the watery Gehenna the wild waves rose,
Lashed into wrath by invisible foes,
On the crags of the headland their fury broke.

Spectral and dim over sunk Cuttywow
The white spray hung, but ye heard no shock,
For the liquid thunder on red Wall Rock
Crushed out all sound with its deafening blow.

From the granite jaws of the Clump, the foam
Of a maniac wrath was drifted, white,
Snowed on the blast with the snowy flight
Of the screaming gulls driven out from home.

In the swirl of the Hopper the waves were ground
To impalpable dust; the Ridge Rock roared
To the crash of a new Niagara poured
Right up the crags with a slippery bound!

Over Brenton's Reef where the west hung black,
O'er the cloudy bar of the Cormorant Rocks,
The white seas hurried in huddling flocks
With the wolf-winds howling along their track.

They came and went in a wavering mist,
The phantoms that hung on the skirts of the blast
While the nearer Cliff his defiance cast;
Maddening the seas with his granite fist.

Far inland the moan of the tempest told
What war was waged on the crumbling crags,
How the charging billows were torn on jags
Of the Island Cliff as they backward rolled.

* * *

George S. Burleigh

Sebago, the Lake, Me.

FUNERAL-TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

1756.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak.
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried, —
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide, —
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent, —
The Indian's fitting monument!

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Shoal of George's, Mass.

THE LETTER OF MARQUE.

WE had sailed out a Letter of Marque,
Fourteen guns and forty men;
And a costly freight our gallant barque
Was bearing home again.
We had ranged the seas the whole summer-tide,
Crossed the main, and returned once more;
Our sails were spread, and from the mast-head
The lookout saw the distant shore.

"A sail! a sail on the weather bow!
Hand over hand, ten knots an hour!"

"Now God defend it ever should end
That we should fall in the foeman's power!"

'T was an English frigate came bearing down,
Bearing down before the gale,

Riding the waves that sent their spray
Dashing madly o'er mast and sail.

Every stitch of our canvas set,
Like a frightened bird our good barque flew;
The wild waves lashed and the foam crests dashed,
As we threaded the billows through.
The night came down on the waters wide, —
"By Heaven's help we 'll see home once more,"
Our captain cried, "for nor-nor-west
Lies Cape Cod Light, and the good old shore."

A sudden flash, and a sullen roar
Booming over the stormy sea,
Showed the frigate close on our track, —
How could we hope her grasp to flee?
Our angry gunner the stern-chaser fired;
I hardly think they heard the sound,
The billows so wildly roared and raged,
As we forward plunged with furious bound.

"All our prizes safely in,
Shall we fall a prize to-night?
The Shoal of George's lies sou-south-east,
Bearing away from Cape Cod Light."
Our captain's face grew dark and stern,
Deadly white his closed lips were.
The men looked in each other's eyes, —
Not a look that spoke of fear.
"Hard up!"
Hard up the helm was jammed.
The wary steersman spoke no word.

In the roar of the breakers on either side
Murmurs of wonder died unheard.
Loud and clear rose the captain's voice, —
A bronzed old sea-dog, calm and cool,
He had been in sea-fights oft,
Trained eye and hand in danger's school.
"Heave the lead!"
The lead was hove;
Sharp and short the quick reply;
Steady rose the captain's voice,
Dark fire glowed his swarthy eye,
Right on the Shoal of George's steered,
Urged with wild, impetuous force,
Lost, if on either side we veered
But a hand's breadth from our course.
On and on our good barque drove,
Leaping like mad from wave to wave,
Hissing and roaring 'round her bow,
Hounding her on to a yawning grave.

God! 't was a desperate game we played!
White as the combing wave grew each cheek;
Our hearts in that moment dumbly prayed,
For never a word might our blenched lips speak.
On and on the frigate drove,
Right in our track, close bearing down;
Our captain's face was still and stern,
Every muscle too rigid to frown.

On and on the frigate drove,
Swooping down in her glorious pride;

Lord of heaven! what a shriek was that
  Ringing over the waters wide!
Striking swift on the sunken rocks,
  Down went the frigate beneath the wave;
All her crew in an instant sunk,
  Gulfed in the closing grave!

We were alone on the rolling sea;
  Man looked to man with a silent pain;
Sternly our captain turned away;
  Our helmsman bore on our course again.
Into the harbor we safely sailed
  When the red morn glowed o'er the bay:
The sinking ship, and the wild death-cry,
  We shall see and hear, to our dying day.

Caroline Frances Orne.

Songo, the River, Me.

SONGO RIVER

CONNECTING LAKE SEBAGO AND LONG LAKE.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,
  Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself

Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou bidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:—

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!

"Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Springfield, Mass.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary.
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Sudbury, Mass.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills;
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay;
Through the wide doors the breezes blow;
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,

A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Wachusett, the Mountain, Mass.

WACHUSETT.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake
Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
Of far receding hills; and yet more far
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.
Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachusett laid
His head against the West, whose warm light made
His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching stayed,
A single level cloud-line, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
Menaced the darkness with its golden spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,

The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.
Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near:
"Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look;
I love it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!"
The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,
Doubling the night along our rugged road:
We felt that man was more than his abode, —
The inward life than Nature's raiment more;
And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim
Before the saintly soul, whose human will
Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
Making her homely toil and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

TO WACHUSETT.

WITH frontier strength ye stand your ground,
With grand content ye circle round,
Tumultuous silence for all sound,
Ye distant nursery of rills,
Monadnock, and the Peterboro' hills;
Like some vast fleet,
Sailing through rain and sleet,
Through winter's cold and summer's heat;
Still holding on, upon your high emprise,
Until ye find a shore amid the skies;
Not skulking close to land,
With cargo contraband,
For they who sent a venture out by ye
Have set the sun to see
Their honesty.
Ships of line, each one,
Ye to the westward run,
Always before the gale,
Under a press of sail,
With a weight of metal all untold.
I seem to feel ye, in my firm seat here,
Immeasurable depth of hold,
And breadth of beam, and length of running gear.

* * *

But special I remember thee,
Wachusett, who like me
Standest alone without society.

Thy far blue eye,
A remnant of the sky,
Seen through the clearing or the gorge,
Or from the windows of the forge,
Doth leaven all it passes by.
Nothing is true,
But stands 'tween me and you,
Thou western pioneer,
Who know'st not shame nor fear,
By venturous spirit driven,
Under the eaves of heaven,
And canst expand thee there,
And breathe enough of air!
Upholding heaven, holding down earth,
Thy pastime from thy birth,
Not steadied by the one, nor leaning on the other;
May I approve myself thy worthy brother!

Henry David Thoreau.

Waverly, Mass.

BEAVER BROOK.

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup.
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;

Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
Forevermore each form of Use.

And more: methought I saw that flood,
Which now so dull and darkling steals,
Thick, here and there, with human blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
And labor meet delight half-way.

James Russell Lowell.

White Mountains, N. H.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

WE had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country. We had seen
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
Of Winnipiseogee; and had felt

The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and bewildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills, — the far sea of Casco,
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken
By the perpetual beating of the falls
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked

The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMONG THE HILLS.

FOR weeks the clouds had raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valley clean before
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west-wind sang
Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky
The peaks had winter's keenness;
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors
With golden lights were checkered,
Once more rejoicing leaves in wind
And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late
Atoning for its sadness
Had borrowed every season's charm
To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales
Of shadow and of shining,
Through which, my hostess at my side,
I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above
The river's whitening shallows,
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns
Swept through and through by swallows, —

By maple orchards, belts of pine
And larches climbing darkly
The mountain slopes, and, over all,
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven, —

How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains, —
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains!

* * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

PROFILE NOTCH, FRANCONIA.

The "Profile" is formed by separate projections of the cliff, which, viewed from a particular point, assume the marvellous appearance of a colossal human face.

ALL round the lake the wet woods shake
From drooping boughs their showers of pearl;
From floating skiff to towering cliff
The rising vapors part and curl.
The west-wind stirs among the firs
High up the mountain side emerging;
The light illumes a thousand plumes
Through billowy banners round them surging.

A glory smites the craggy heights:
And in a halo of the haze,
Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold
That mighty face, that stony gaze!
In the wild sky upborne so high
Above us perishable creatures,

Confronting Time with those sublime,
Impassive, adamantine features.

Thou beaked and bald high front, miscalled
The profile of a human face!
No kin art thou, O Titan brow,
To puny man's ephemeral race.
The groaning earth to thee gave birth, —
Throes and convulsions of the planet;
Lonely uprose, in grand repose,
Those eighty feet of facial granite.

Here long, while vast, slow ages passed,
Thine eyes (if eyes be thine) beheld
But solitudes of crags and woods,
Where eagles screamed and panthers yelled.
Before the fires of our pale sires
In the first log-built cabin twinkled,
Or redmen came for fish and game,
That scalp was scarred, that face was wrinkled.

We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was young;
Thy sovereign brow was seamed as now
When Moses wrote and Homer sung.
Empires and states it antedates,
And wars, and arts, and crime, and glory;
In that dim morn when man was born
Thy head with centuries was hoary.

Thou lonely one! nor frost, nor sun,
Nor tempest leaves on thee its trace;

The stormy years are but as tears
That pass from thy unchanging face.
With unconcern as grand and stern,
Those features viewed, which now survey us,
A green world rise from seas of ice,
And order come from mud and chaos.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?
What forces moved, or fast or slow;
How grew the hills; what heats, what chills,
What strange, dim life, so long ago?
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not speak?
One word, for all our learnéd wrangle!
What earthquakes shaped, what glaciers scraped,
That nose, and gave the chin its angle?

Our pygmy thought to thee is naught,
Our petty questionings are vain;
In its great trance thy countenance
Knows not compassion nor disdain.
With far-off hum we go and come,
The gay, the grave, the busy-idle;
And all things done to thee are one,
Alike the burial and the bridal.

Thy permanence, long ages hence,
Will mock the pride of mortals still.
Returning springs, with songs and wings
And fragrance, shall these valleys fill;
The free winds blow, fall rain or snow,
The mountains brim their crystal beakers·

Still come and go, still ebb and flow,
The summer tides of pleasure-seekers:

The dawns shall gild the peaks where build
The eagles, many a future pair;
The gray scud lag on wood and crag,
Dissolving in the purple air;
The sunlight gleam on lake and stream,
Boughs wave, storms break, and still at even
All glorious hues the world suffuse,
Heaven mantle earth, earth melt in heaven!

Nations shall pass like summer's grass,
And times unborn grow old and change;
New governments and great events
Shall rise, and science new and strange;
Yet will thy gaze confront the days
With its eternal calm and patience,
The evening red still light thy head,
Above thee burn the constellations.

O silent speech, that well can teach
The little worth of words or fame!
I go my way, but thou wilt stay
While future millions pass the same:
But what is this I seem to miss?
Those features fall into confusion!
A further pace — where was that face?
The veriest fugitive illusion!

Gray eidolon! so quickly gone,
When eyes that make thee onward move;

Whose vast pretence of permanence
A little progress can disprove!
Like some huge wraith of human faith
That to the mind takes form and measure;
Grim monolith of creed or myth,
Outlined against the eternal azure!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!
A withered cliff is all we see;
That giant nose, that grand repose,
Have in a moment ceased to be;
Or still depend on lines that blend,
On merging shapes, and sight, and distance,
And in the mind alone can find
Imaginary brief existence!

John Townsend Trowbridge.

IN A CLOUD RIFT.

UPON our loftiest White Mountain peak,
Filled with the freshness of untainted air,
We sat, nor cared to listen or to speak
To one another, for the silence there
Was eloquent with God's presence. Not a sound
Uttered the winds in their unhindered sweep
Above us through the heavens. The gulf profound
Below us seethed with mists, a sullen deep,
From thawless ice-caves of a vast ravine
Rolled sheeted clouds across the lands unseen.

How far away seemed all that we had known
In homely levels of the earth beneath,

Where still our thoughts went wandering — "Turn
thee!" Blown
Apart before us, a dissolving wreath
Of cloud framed in a picture on the air:
The fair long Saco Valley, whence we came;
The hills and lakes of Ossipee; and there
Glimmers the sea! Some pleasant, well-known name
With every break to memory hastens back;
Monadnock, — Winnipesaukee, — Merrimack.

On widening vistas broader rifts unfold:
Far off into the waters of Champlain
Great sunset summits dip their flaming gold;
There winds the dim Connecticut, a vein
Of silver on aerial green; and here,
The upland street of rural Bethlehem;
And there, the roofs of Bethel. Azure-clear
Shimmers the Androscoggin; like a gem
Umbagog glistens; and Katahdin gleams
Uncertain as a mountain seen in dreams.

Our own familiar world, not yet half known,
Nor loved enough, in tints of Paradise
Lies there before us, now so lovely grown,
We wonder what strange film was on our eyes
Ere we climbed hither. But again the cloud,
Descending, shuts the beauteous vision out;
Between us the abysses spread their shroud:
We are to earth, as earth to us, a doubt.
Dear home folk, skyward seeking us, can see
No crest or crag where pilgrim feet may be.

Who whispered unto us of life and death
  As silence closed upon our hearts once more?
On heights where angels sit, perhaps a breath
May clear the separating gulfs; a door
  May open sometimes betwixt earth and heaven,
  And life's most haunting mystery be shown
A fog-drift of the mind, scattered and driven
  Before the winds of God: no vague unknown
Death's dreaded path, — only a curtained stair;
And heaven but earth raised into purer air.

Lucy Larcom.

CHOCORUA.

THE pioneer of a great company
  That wait behind him, gazing toward the east, —
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least, —
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd.

Lucy Larcom.

CLOUDS ON WHITEFACE.

SO lovingly the clouds caress his head, —
The mountain-monarch; he, severe and hard,
With white face set like flint horizon-ward;
They weaving softest fleece of gold and red,
And gossamer of airiest silver thread,
To wrap his form, wind-beaten, thunder-scarred.
They linger tenderly, and fain would stay,
Since he, earth-rooted, may not float away.
He upward looks, but moves not; wears their hues;
Draws them unto himself; their beauty shares;
And sometimes his own semblance seems to lose,
His grandeur and their grace so interfuse;
And when his angels leave him unawares,
A sullen rock, his brow to heaven he bares.

Lucy Larcom.

BALD-CAP REVISITED.

ELEVEN years, and two fair months beside,
Full to the brim with various love and joy,
My life has known since last I drew apart
Into this huge sky-shouldering mountain dome,
And, listening, heard the winds among the pines
Making a music as of countless choirs,
Chanting in sweet and solemn unison;
And, standing here where God's artificers,
Angels of frost and fire and sun and storm,
Have made a floor with nameless gems inlaid,

Saw, like a roof, the slopes of living green
Go cleaving down to meet the lower hills, —
Firm-buttressed walls, their bases overgrown
With meadow-sweet and ferns and tangled vines,
And all that makes the roadsides beautiful;
While, all around me, other domes arose,
Girded with towers and eager pinnacles,
Into the silent and astonished air.
Full oft, since then, up-looking from below,
As naught to me has been the pleasantness
Of meadows broad, and, mid them, flowing wide
The Androscoggin's dark empurpled stream,
Enamored of thine awful loveliness,
Thy draperies of forests overspread
With shadows and with silvery, shining mists,
Thy dark ravines and cloud-conversing top,
Where it would almost seem that one might hear
The talk of angels in the happy blue; —
And so, in truth, my heart has heard to-day.

Dear sacred Mount, not thine alone the charm
By which thou dost so overmaster me,
But something in thy lover's beating heart,
Something of memories vague and fond and sweet,
Something of what he cannot be again,
Something of sharp regret for vanished joys,
And faces that he may no more behold,
And voices that he listens for in vain,
And feet whose welcome sound he hears no more,
And hands whose touch could make his being thrill
With love's dear rapture of delicious pain, —

Something of all the years that he has lived,
Of all the joy and sorrow he has known,
Since first with eager feet and heart aflame
He struggled up thy steep and shaggy sides,
Sun-flecked, leaf-shaded realms of life in death,
And stood, as now, upon thy topmost crest,
Trembling with joy and tender unto tears; —
Something of all these things mingles with thee, —
Green of thy leaves and whiteness of thy clouds,
Rush of thy streams and rustle of thy pines, —
With all thy strength and all thy tenderness,
Till thou art loved not for thyself alone,
But for the love of many who are gone,
And most of all for one who still remains
To make all sights more fair, all sounds more sweet,
All life more dear and glad and wonderful.

* * *

John White Chadwick.

LAKE OF THE CLOUDS, MT. WASHINGTON.

QUEEN of the clouds! afar from crowds
Thou reignest all alone,
In solitude which few intrude
To bow at thy high throne.

On either hand the mountains grand
Their giant shoulders lift
To bear thee up like God's sweet cup,
Brimmed with his precious gift!

Shrined mid the haunts of Alpine plants
That wreathe thy rocky rim,
Like clustered vines the graver twines
About the beaker's brim,

With what delight I caught the sight
Of thee I came to seek,
At peace and rest beneath the crest
Of Monroe's splintered peak;

Where naught is heard of beast or bird
Save the lone eagle's cry,
Whose lordly flight eludes the sight,
Lost in the deepening sky;

And where no sound disturbs the round
Of thy unruffled sleep,
But bolts that flash and roar and crash
And leap from steep to steep.

O, what an hour to feel His power
Who said, and it was done;
And huge and vast these hills stood fast,
Eternal as the sun!

By thy low brink I knelt to drink
Thy waters clear and cold,
As the last ray that shuts the day
Flushed thy fair face with gold.

Below in light the valley bright
In softened beauty shone,

While o'er me rose in grand repose
The dome of Washington.

The soft green moss I stept across
With wary feet and slow,
Crept in and out and all about
The shattered rocks below;

And wee bright flowers through sun and showers
Peered out with sparkling eyes,
As in the wild some unkempt child
Looks up in shy surprise.

O lovely lake, for thy sweet sake
The powers of earth and air,
That desolate all else, create
For thee a garden fair,

That mid the breath of gloom and death
Seems let down from above
To give us cheer where all is drear,
Like God's abounding love.

Mid city heats I tread the streets
And think of thee afar,
As of one gone whose love beams on
Like light from some lost star.

O mighty mount, O crystal fount,
O hills and lakes and streams,
How dear thou art to all my heart,
How near in all my dreams.

* * *

Henry Henderson.

Winnipesaukee, the Lake, N. H.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm! — O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies, — the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers!

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call, —

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,
It speaks but what the light waves say, —
Death walks apart from Fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
  While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
  On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
  Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
  And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
  Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
  They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
  Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
  And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
  Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
  The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
  And the young archer, Morn, shall break

His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I,
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

For ever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall!
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

O watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AT ALTON BAY.

WE saw in the distance the dusky lake fade,
Empurpled with twilight's last tinges;
And slow came the Night, with her curtains of shade,
And the round rosy moon in their fringes.
We marked in the sky, in the cloud-lakes on high,
The flocks of birds dreamily sailing
From the peaks in the West, and settle to rest
Where the forest light slowly was failing,
Round bright Alton Bay.

Mist curtained the mountains, — we climbed the dark heights,
But a feeling of sadness came o'er us,
As we saw on the hillsides the camp-meeting lights,
And heard the lone worshippers' chorus —
"It is well with my soul!" — how it echoed afar
O'er the lake in the deep mountain shadows,
While bright in the sky shone the evening star
O'er the lonely lake islands and meadows
At still Alton Bay.

I knew not the singers, their creeds or their names;
I heard but the chorus ascending,
While bright through the pines shone the night-torches' flames
With the rays of the shaded moon blending;
And I said on that night, as I stood on the height,
When time measures my joy and my sorrow,
My life I would close as the birds seek repose,
To dream of a beautiful morrow
At dim Alton Bay.

Then we talked of the main, and its night-darkened plain,
Of the sweet prayer of trust on the billows;
The worshippers' strain rising sweet in the fane
In the vale by the cool village willows;
The cathedral's aisle dim, the antiphonal hymn,
The baptismal vow at the fountain:
Yet more grand seemed the word that our charmed ears had heard —
"It is well with my soul!" — on the mountain,
At calm Alton Bay.

Morn lighted the bay, our boat glided away,
But the fair lake I see as a vision;
And in dreams hear again the lone camp-meeting's strain
Like a call from the portals elysian.
When the shade of the past shall be lengthened at last,
And the earth light around me is paling,
May some holy song's breath on the mountain of faith
Turn my heart to the Refuge unfailing,
As at far Alton Bay.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

AT WINNIPESAUKEE.

O SILENT hills across the lake,
Asleep in moonlight, or awake
To catch the color of the sky,
That sifts through every cloud swept by, —
How beautiful ye are, in change
Of sultry haze and storm-light strange;
How dream-like rest ye on the bar
That parts the billow from the star;
How blend your mists with waters clear,
Till earth floats off, and heaven seems near.

Ye faint and fade, a pearly zone,
The coast-line of a land unknown.
Yet that is sunburnt Ossipee,
Plunged knee-deep in the limpid sea:
Somewhere among these grouping isles,
Old White-Face from his cloud-cap smiles,
And gray Chocorua bends his crown,
To look on happy hamlets down;
And every pass and mountain-slope
Leads out and on some human hope.

Here the great hollows of the hills
The glamour of the June day fills.
Along the climbing path the brier,
In rose-bloom beauty beckoning higher,
Breathes sweetly the warm uplands over
And, gay with buttercups and clover,

The slopes of meadowy freshness make
A green foil to the sparkling lake.

So is it with yon hills that swim
Upon the horizon, blue and dim:
For all the summer is not ours;
On other shores familiar flowers
Find blossoming as fresh as these,
In shade and shine and eddying breeze;
And scented slopes as cool and green,
To kiss of lisping ripples lean.

* * *

Lucy Larcom.

Woonsocket, R. I.

FROM WOONSOCKET HILL.

THE earth, this beautiful summer's day,
Is in perfect tune with the blue of the sky,
And the fleecy white of the clouds that play
On the wings of the amorous zephyr's sigh.

My errant fancy has led me here,
To the highest point of Woonsocket's crest,
In this sweetest season of the year
When fields and woods are in verdure dressed.

I left the valley far, far behind,
As ever upward the pathway led,

Past gray stone-walls where the ivy twined,
And the elms a grateful coolness shed;

Past the farm-house old, 'neath the sycamore,
With its well-curb aged and moss o'ergrown,
And the broad flat stones before the door,
Wearing slow as the years have flown;

Till at last I have reached the highest peak
And before me the landscape stretches wide,
And eastward or westward the eye may seek
Yet find no bound to restrain its pride.

Southeastward a line of darker hue
Than the sky that meets it, far away,
Tells that there are dancing the wavelets blue
On the bosom of Narragansett Bay.

On the left Wachuset, showing dim
Through wreaths of vapor that round it fold,
Crowns with its dome the horizon's rim,
Like some eastern temple, grand and old.

While nearer, along the valleys green,
Full many a village meets the eye,
And here and there the silver sheen
Of a brooklet mirrors the arching sky.

What pleasure it is to linger here,
Through the summer hours so warm and bright,
Watching the landscape, far and near,
Framed in the sunshine golden light!

* * *

John L. Osborne.

York, Me.

AGAMENTICUS.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges looked with special interest upon the pleasantly located little settlement of Agamenticus. On the first of March, 1642, he erected the borough into a city, extending the charter over a region embracing twenty-one square miles. This forest city was on the north side of the river, and extended seven miles back from the river's mouth.

WHERE rises grand, majestic, tall,
As in a dream, the towering wall
That scorns the restless, surging tide,
Once spanned the mart and street and mall,
And arched the trees on every side
Of this great city, once in pride.
For hither came a knightly train
From o'er the sea with gorgeous court;
The mayors, gowned in robes of state,
Held brilliant tourney on the plain,
And massive ships within the port
Discharged their load of richest freight.
Then when at night, the sun gone down
Behind the western hill and tree,
The bowls were filled, — this toast they crown,
"Long live the City by the Sea!"

Now sailless drift the lonely seas,
No shallops load at wharves or quays,
But hulks are strewn along the shore, —
Gaunt skeletons indeed are these
That lie enchanted by the roar

Of ocean wave and sighing trees!
Oh, tell me where the pompous squires,
The chant at eve, the matin prayers,
The knights in armor for the fray?
The mayors, where, and courtly sires,
The eager traders with their wares, —
How went these people hence away?
And when the evening sun sinks down,
Weird voices come from hill and tree,
Yet tell no tales, — this toast they crown,
"Long live the Spectre by the Sea!"

Anonymous.

END OF VOL. II.

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